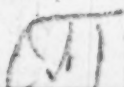


MISCELLANY
P O E M S
O N

Several Occasions,

BOTH
Moral and Amorous.

With several
**ODES, EPIGRAMS, and
ELEGIES.**

R. Stevens 

By **THO. STEPHENS.**

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Nath. Sackett*, at the *Heart and
Bible in Cornhill.* 1699.

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MISCELLANY
POEMS

Secret Occasions



Moral and Satirical

With several

ODES, EPIGRAMS, and
ELEGIES.

By THOMAS STEPHENS

L O N D O N.

Printed for Nath. Shackleton at the Hand and
Bible in Cornhill. 1809.

To the Worthy

Thomas Coventry Esq;

With his most loving Brother

M^r GILBERT COVENTRY,

Sons of the Right Honourable

Thomas Lord Coventry.

THE high esteem and honour
(which I'm infinitely oblig'd
always to bear your Name) bath
greatly urg'd me to exert some Speci-
men of my gratitude; although so
mean, that I cannot chuse but blush
at my boldness therein, as being con-
scious to my self, that, unless your
Clemency transcend all, this my fond
Oblation may justly require a second

A 3

Atone-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Atonement. But your Merits being daily as perspicuous as the Sun, and your Influence too as propitious, are so Infallible Probates of your Candor, that I should assert my self most unworthy, did I even doubt, but that you like Heaven (whose Image you both most manifestly bear) would accept the true and sincere intent of your Oblator, be the act in it self never so frivolous and contemptible,

In quo nil vobis dignum, nisi dantis amores.

Wherefore I here presume (as a Candidate of your Favour) to tender at your Altar my First-fruits (however they may seem, at least, imperfect, if not wholly abortive) And whence I likewise hope for your Patronage, as being sufficient to defend this my weak Product from the churlish humours of Criticks ;

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Criticks ; The former of which, if
you'll both be pleas'd to accept, and
grant the latter, you'll transport me
into an Elysium, and more (if more
can be) oblige*

Your most devoted Servant,

Thomas Steevens.

TO

TO THE
Candid Reader.

M^T *Genius being always somewhat inclining to entertain the Muses, did by my diligent promotion at length exert some light and aery Flashes of Fancy, though truly (I fear) scarce rightly ballanc'd with sound Judgment, by reason of my Immaturity and Nonage; when this imperfect and abortive Product, did by many interruptions, at length, creep out of my tender, and too too weak (I doubt) capacity. Wherefore (I hope) should I here expose it (how mean soever it may seem) that the greatest Censurers, and strictest Criticks, first considering my Circumstances, and justly attributing its Imbecillity to my Minority (Dum nihil ortum est, simul & perfectum) may not dart on it a Grande supercilium, and so utterly abash it in its Infancy: But whether they frown or smile, damn or applaud, This is my safest Asylum, I matter not: Only I wish all as much pleasure in the reading as I had in the writing.*

T. S.

MISCELLANY
OF
POEMS.

Of humane Frailty.

MAn's Days are few, His Glas is run,
His Life is spent soon as begun,
And dy he must.

A living Man he proves to day,
To Morrow but a Lump of Clay,
And turns to dust.

He's made of Earth, to Earth he goes,
His Days are full of Grief and Woes,

Which shorten Life :
But yet he toils for Earthly pelf,
Whereby he may enrich himself,
With utmost strife.

B

He

A Miscellany of Poems

He presses on with greatest power,
Not dreaming that his fatal hour

Doth draw so nigh :

But in the midst of all his Joy,
He many times is snatcht away,
And forc'd to dy.

His breath (like smoak before the wind,
Or like a fleeting Cloud) doth find
An easy way.

He flourishes i' th' Morning Sun,
But is cut down like Grasse ere Noon,
And fades away.

Let's therefore spend our time to day,
As tho' we were no more to stay
On wretched Earth :
Lest hasty Fate doth call away
Before we are ready for that day,
In vertue's dearth.

Of a guilty Conscience.

A Las! the Poets Fictions prove too true,
Who feign that hellish Furies do pursue,
And lash with secret strokes a guilty Mind,
Which hath to wickedness been long inclin'd :
For (lo !) what horrid Terroures do surround,
What poyson'd bites & Scorpion's stings to wound

upon several Occasions.

A guilty Man! He falls into a maze,
His fiery sparkling Eyes about do gaze;
He thinks each hour he sees a dreadful Ghost,
As tho' grim *Pluto* had sent forth his Host
To take revenge, and hurry him away
To his black Cell, to prove Perdition's prey.
He beats his Breast, he raves, he storms, he swears,
And blatters nonsense intermixt with tears.
His burning heart doth shoot, he's all on flame,
As tho' Hell's Fires were now already come.
He gasps for breath, his Hair doth stand on end,
He tears his flesh, and doth his Members rend:
Yet sometimes seems to rest, and close his Eyes,
But hence a sudden storm doth strait arise;
And (like a Hurricane on Indian Seas)
A second Tyde of grief disturbs his ease.
He fain would live, but dreads (alas!) to dy,
Twixt Life and Death he stupefy'd doth ly.
But yet the pangs and pains that he endures,
Are worse than death it self, and have no Cures:
He now becomes forlorn and desperate too,
He now denies that God can mercy shew:
He nothing doth expect but fatal doom,
And a long series of woes to come:
When he shall suffer to Eternity,
Sad, scorching flames due to's Iniquity.
O what a state is this! what pains are these,
Which nothing, neither Time, nor Death can ease!
O mortal Men! correct your evil ways,
Shake off your Vice before your latter days;
That (when Death Summons gives) you may em-
Your instant Fate with an undaunted Face; [brace

A Miscellany of Poems

For (lo!) what Comfort and what Peace is this
To dying Men, to have not done amiss,
From whence they take the hopes of future bliss.

Of Beauty's Frailty.

1.

A Las! How soon doth Beauty fade!
How like unto an empty shade
It vanishes away
Without delay!

2.

Thus th' new-sprang Rose i' th' Morning dew
Triumphs; but ere night bid's adieu,
Faints, falls, hangs down her head;
So soon she's dead.

3.

Thus twinkling Stars do give one dash,
Thus Lightning breaks into one flash,
And then the vap'ring fire
Doth strait expire.

4.

Lo! Beauty but salutes our Eyes
(Like Sodom's Fruit) and then denies
All bliss, and toucht, to clay
Doth mould away.

5. Alas!

5.

Alas ! Alas ! Anon pale Snow
Will sit, where cheerful Lillies grow ;
And thus the fairest Face
Will lose its grace.

6.

Each day, nay hour, receives a spoil,
And lab'ring storms do seem to toil,
To plunder beauty's shapes
With cruel rapes.

7.

Sharp Sickness Beauty's fairest blow
Doth blast when Fevers beat the brow,
Like Whirl-winds furious storms,
Oh burst of harms !

8.

Old Age plows up the smoothest skin,
And turns a Furrow too, wherein
It seems to cast and hide
All Beauty's Pride.

9.

And when at length pale Death invades,
And calls unto th' Elysian shades,
The fainting Body dies,
And Beauty flies.

10.

What fatal ruins do pursue
 A bright Idea's Front, which do
 Corrupt all Beauty's joys,
 And plead 'em toys!

11.

Those fleeting charms of *Hellen's* Face,
 Do witness to the World no space
 Of permanence, since they
 Are turn'd to clay.

12.

Go too, thou Fop! Thy self admire,
 And doat and pride, 't will strait expire;
 The faded Rose's state
 Doth shew thy fate.

The old Man.

LO! Lo! how creeps the long-liv'd Man,
 Whose time's reduc'd into a span,
 Whose days are spent:
 Lo! Lo! I seek the Port of bliss,
 And am of Life it self remiss,
 To dy content.

My

My only Pray'r, is present death,
O God, receive my latest breath ;

O let me dy !

You'll thus exterminate my grief,
And to my Soul bring kind relief ;

O hear my Cry !

My fatal Thread is spun, fie, fie ;

O *Atropos*, cut off, that I

May be at rest !

My Life is worse than Death ; In vain

I cry for help ; what horrid pain

Doth me invest !

The Sons of Art can find no Cure

To heal those pangs which I endure ;

O wretched State !

Death's stroke's my only remedie ;

How glad, how willing should I be

T' imbrace my Fate !

Pandora's Troops do sound Alarms,

And for my Blood do whet their Arms,

And Battle give ;

They captivate my trembling parts,

And wound each Member with their Darts,

But yet I live.

How oft I've call'd upon the Grave

With tott'ring steps, my limbs to crave

Before this day !

When Nature first began to faint,
 And with her self all joys did taint,
 And drive away.

My Senses fly, my Spirits fall;
 A burthen to my self and all
 I am now made.

I cannot taste the daintiest meat,
 I can't distinguish, what I eat,
 Be't good or bad.

My deafer Ears are stopt up quite,
 Hence Musick proves a dull delight,
 'Cause 'tis not heard.

My bleer Eyes lose their sight, and close,
 As tho' they're going to repose,
 Yet do retard.

Alas! Alas! All joys do go,
 And pleasure's turn'd to grief and wee;
 May I then dy,
 So that these horrid pains may cease,
 And I at length may be at ease
 From misery.

Lo! Lo! how like a Lamb I dy,
 Without regret, a squeak or cry,
 Worn out with years:
 I have now run this mortal race,
 I will Christ now in Heav'n embrace,
 Who'll wipe my tears.

Time brings all to the Grave.

HOW fleet do Minutes pass away !
How soon the Glass runs out the Day !
The Morning draws, the Noon puts on,
The Sun doth set, the Day is gone :
And thus the Year is wheel'd about,
And thus Man's Thread is soon spun out.

And Death draws nigh :
Which is a Debt we all must pay ;
Whose pow'r we all must once obey ;
Sceptres and Crowns must yield to Death,
And Kings, with Peasants, lose their Breath ;
The pious Saint receives his Fate,
And stoutest Hector change their state ;
For all must dye.

Impartial Death we can't appease
With Hecatombs, nor get release
By all our Sacred Piety ;
Nor can with threats her terrify :
But all must visit Charon's Boat,
And o'r the Stygian Waters float,
When she invades.

We must once leave all Earthly Toys,
And vanish from these frailer Joys.
For Death (O Man) thy self prepare,
That thou thy Fate t' embrace may'st dare ;
And ne'r for this thy short Life grieve,
But live to dye, and dye to live
In happy Shades !

A Farewel to Fortune.

Fortune farewell! No more I'll court thy Shrine;
 Nor shall thy Smiles my vassal heart combine.
 Thou fickle Goddess of these Earthly Dregs!
 I thee contemn, and scorn thy falsest Leagues.
 Why doth the foolish World so dote on thee,
 As though thou wert the greatest Deity?
 I can't, nor will not such a one adore,
 And for thy frail, inconstant Gifts implore.
 Thou never constant, 'less in motion prov'st,
 And now dost hate, whom once thou dearly lov'dst.
 If now thou smil'st, thou strait wilt grimly frown,
 And whom thou'lt rais'd to day, thou'lt soon cast
 down.

Hence Princes (tho' long flourishing in Thrones)
 At length lament their Fate with woful Groans.
 All Mortals, who now Fortune's Gifts enjoy,
 E're long will know, how quick they fly away.
 I'll therefore stedfast Vertue's face adore,
 And hence above this fickle Goddess soar;
 Where me her furious Storms cannot injure,
 But I'll despise her empty Blasts secure.
 Her Onsets I'll beat back with Vertue's Shield:
 For Vertue can to Fortune's Power ne'r yield.

Qui

Qui non est hodie, cras minus aptus erit.

SO ho, thou Fool! that dost let loose the reins,
Whilst lively blood doth boil in youthful veins,
And think'st thou may'st them time enough recal
In latter days, before thy deadly Fall;
Unless thou'lt sleep secure, and pleasures take
Till the last sounding Trump doth thee awake,
Disperse with speed the dismal Clouds of Vice,
And crush i'th' Egg the priding Cockatrice.
Begin to day to leave thy evil ways,
And to divorce thy vain and sinful toys;
By long delays for they'll habitual grow,
And ev'ry hour will greater force bestow.
Vice (like Diseases) craves more timely Cures,
And [long being nurs'd] no remedy endures.
He that neglects to purge his Soul to day,
His Vices him to morrow will more sway.
But grant thou may'st to Good at length return,
And all thy former ways and follies spurn;
Thou can'st not tell, but Death may sweep away,
And put a period to thy Life this day.

Non

—*Non est mortale quod opto.*

LET doting Worldlings seek wth grov'ling eyes
These vain and earthly Dregs, as th'only prize.
Let Misers with poor Gold fill up their Chests,
And amplifie their Stocks with careful Brests.
Let Honour's Minions up to Heaven soar ;
Let Statesmen pride and domineer in pow'r ;
Let Beauty's Darling boast of's Symmetrie,
And joy, because there's none so fair as he.
But know they this, they will themselves deceive,
When suddenly these Toys will take their leave,
Riches have Wings, and straight do fly away,
Honour's the Darling but of one short day :
Beauty (like Lightning) but salutes our eyes
With one bright flash, and then falls sick and dyes.
Such vain and frailer Goods I don't admire,
Nor do such pamphlet, trifling Toys desire.
Immortal Vertue is my only Aim,
Whereby t' all Ages I'll extend my Fame.
Beauty, Wealth, Honours pass away (like Shades)
But Vertue keeps alive, when Death invades.

———*Hic vivimus ambitiosâ*
Paupertate omnes.———

THE poorest *Irus* here ambitious grows,
And on his Back now all his Wealth bestows,
That (like a *Crasus*) gay he might appear
T' th' World, and in his Purple domineer; press)
And (tho' his meanness should these thoughts sup-
He'll pride, and leave the World the rest to gues.
His Outside proves a Royal Ornament,
When with poor Food his Belly is content :
His sordid House perhaps is all of Clay,
And wants provision for the present day ;
Nay more, perhaps he's o'r-head plung'd in debt,
And knows not how from Us'ers Bonds to get :
Thus Beggars fain would wealthy Courtiers seem,
And eager seek a Gentleman's esteem.
Go to, Thou Fool, thy Tyrian Robes now buy,
And (tho' thou'rt poor) yet boast of Gallantry ;
At length thou (like the priding Jay) wilt know
(When thou art stript of these bright plumes) thy
'Tis better still a *Medium* to pursue, (wo.
And live to day, like as to morrow too.

Qui suum jactat genus, aliena laudat.

WHY dost thou boast (O Spark) of Pedigree!
 And claim thy Parents worth thy own to be!
 Whilst thou dost strut (like th' Afs i' th' Lions skin)
 Adorn'd without, but still an Afs within?
 He's like the Jay drest up i' th' Peacock's Plumes,
 Who Parents merits to himself assumes;
 And when these trapping Toys are claim'd away,
 He will become a scoff, a naked Jay.
 Heroick Fathers honour proves a shame
 To Sons, when they build on their Father's Fame,
 And nought perform themselves, whereby may
 As Rivals of their Ancestors esteem. (seem
 Nay more, he sacrilegious doth become,
 Who steals his Father's honour from his Tomb:
 For from the dead he derogates their Fame,
 Who from their Acts doth take his borrow'd name.
 Thus Parents noble Actions and Renown
 We most unjustly claim, and call our own.
 If thou then wouldst true honours pitch ascend,
 Go to, thy mind t' Heroick Vertues bend.

On

On the Fire-Works.

LET Earth at Lightning stand amaz'd no more;
 Nor dread a Thunderbolt when Claps do rore.
 Since Heaven thereby its Triumphs seem'd to shew,
 When our Great *Jove* for Joy did thunder too:
 But 's sacred *NUMEN* brandished no Darts
 ('Less those of Love) to penetrate our hearts.
 So Heaven and Earth did Rivals prove in joy,
 When flash for flash, and clap for clap they'd pay,
 The more to celebrate the Princely Son,
 Whom (without doubt) the future Age will own }
 Heir to his Father's Vertue as his Crown.
 But as the Royal Consorts view'd the Thames
 Streaming with Fire, how did they gild the flames
 With sacred lustre! How the Stars on high
 Receiv'd a Gloss from their bright *MAJESTY*!
 Spangled all o'r our Hemisphere did grow,
 Eclipsed Tapers glimmer'd in Heav'n's Brow,
 Stars shon i' th Air, and brighter *STARS* below,
 From whose kind influence may more joys still flow
 And may that *VIVAT REX* still flame and burn,
 Till Stars do melt, and Fate doth dread her Urn.

THE
Oxford-Triumph:

OR,

*The Academicks Congratulating his
Grace the Duke of ORMOND,
their new Chancellor.*

1.
NO more let swelling Deluges of Tears
The mourning Oxford drown;
No more let Groans the yielding Air divide,
Nor *Thamesis* in hoarser murmurs glide,
'Cause, its Great Patron soar'd above our Spheres
To an Immortal Crown.
'Tis true his Merits were so great, so high,
That Time can ne'r confound his Memory;
But, *Oxford*! lo, the springing Day
Displays new Symptoms of thy joy.

2.

Look, how *Aurora* with redoubled Light
Doth Nights black Veil disperse!

See

See how the radiant *Phæbus* on us streams
 With greatest lustre his new-rising beams!
 The Eaglets winging to th' East their direct flight
 Good Omens do rehearse;
 That now no cries resounding in the *Strand*,
 Fair *Oxford's* Columns shall triumphant stand;
 And to their new-made Basis pay
 Brave Victims of their hearts this day.

3.
 Thy *Ormond* (*Oxford*!) left thee not alone,
 Distracted in thy grief;
 Thy calm *Castalia* may flow gently on,
 And still the Muses sport in *Helicon*:
 A second Vice-*Apollo* gilds thy Throne,
 That Day-Star of relief. (shew
 Thus Heav'n repairs thy loss! Thou now can'st
 A strong *Palladium*, and a *Phosphore* too.
 Thy old *Mecenas* lives in's Heir;
 For Merit as for Title rare.

4. (plause,
 With how great Pomp then, and with what ap-
 With what surprizing joy
 Should the blest *Alma Mater* grace the Morn!
 Let bright *Apollo's* crisps her Front adorn;
 Let Choirs of Muses sing the joyful Cause,
 And round *Parnassus* play;
 Let all *Minerva's* Candidates rejoice,
 And let a Morning *Ave* be their Voice;
 That (*Persian*-like they may adore
 Their rising Sun, their growing Pow'r.

C

5. Oh

5:
Oh let the Choristers o' th' Vocal Grove
Their blooming hopes salute ;
Let 'em build stately Pyramids of praise,
And fame their Patron worthy of their Bays ;
Under whose influence they may court their Love,
Keep *Daphne* in pursuit.
May our whole *Athens* boast its *Halcyon* days,
And through each Clime diffuse its splendid rays:
That all may now it's happy State,
With Eulogies congratulate.

A Description of a Battel.

MArch on! March on! The Foe has seiz'd the
Field,
And vows he'll dy o' th' spot before he'll yield.
Prepare your Arms (Great Sirs) th' event to try;
Come on, Come on, let's fight for Victory.
Draw up the Horse; the Foot-men I'll dispose;
Fire, brave Boys; agen, agen; have't our Foes.
The Drums do beat, the Cornets rattle round,
And Tara-tara-tantara doth sound. (Light,
The Smoke (like Clouds) involves the heavenly
The dismal Day can scarce be known from Night.
The clam'rous Shouts do shake the lofty Skies,
And the tumultuous noise to Heaven flies.
The Darts do whirl, the Bullets storm (like Hail)
The roaring Ordnances break a Foil.

Here

Here drops a *Hector*, there *Achilles* falls ;
Here gasps one, there another half-dead crawls.
The prancing Steed receives his mortal-wound,
And, falling, casts his Rider to the ground,
Where both do wallow in the bloody Gore,
And (Oh!) most wretchedly are trampled o'er.
The sparkling Swords against each other twang,
When *Panoplia* doth stave off the Bang.
The Spear-men dip their hastal Points in blood,
The Earth is drowned in a Crimson Floud.
The Conqueror now sheaths his blunted Sword,
And to his tired Souldiers gives the Word,
Retreat, Retreat; We now have won the day,
Let's haste t' our Camp without a longer stay.
The ground is strew'd with Corpse; The lively
Souls

The priding Victor with his pow'r controuls.
This wants a Limb, another wants his Head;
Here lies a mangled Trunk, all Members fled.
The pious Mother weeps her Darling's Fate;
The loving Wife condoles her Husband's State.
What stony-hearted *Scythian* can't bemoan
These ruins, under which the Earth doth groan?
Now stately Trophies shew the Victor's praise,
And's Acts commemorate to future days.

She loves revenge with all her Soul and Blood,
Hence through Flames she'll rush to let fly the
Flood

Of Passion floating in her angry Breasts,
To plague and pester those whom she detests.

She suffers no reproof and no controul,
But (like *Medea*) will i' th' Chaos roul
The World, and kill her dearest Darlings too,
But she'll take sad revenge on those that do
Hate, injure her, or (like a *Jason*) force
A horrid, hateful, dismal, dire divorce.

Lo! Women can the worst of Crimes contrive,
And hotter, furious Spirits do them drive.

If therefore you would take your gentle ease,
(O Man!) and live a Life that may you please,
Don't dote on Woman, learn to be content
Without this painted pain, and sweet torment.

On the King's Progress.

LET *Persian* Monarchs rust in secret Thrones,
And with Tiara's vail their torpid Bones :
Great *James* our Prince hath found a nobler way,
Whereby his Subjects may obeysance pay.

For who can duly rev'rence Majesty
That lies enwrapt in Clouds of secrecy?

(*Ixion*-like) we do our selves betray,
When (tho' we know not) yet we do obey.

Heroick Breasts to sleep obscure do scorn ;
But love to shew themselves for Scepters born.

All silent Cells aspiring vertue spurns,
 And through all obstacles to light returns.
 Black Vice and shame may seek a lurking Cave,
 But Royal Vertues an appearance crave.
 That Prince is best, who (like Heav'n's Champion)
 streams,

On every place his bright *Phæbean* beams.
 And with the influence of his Heav'nly rays,
 Doth bless his Realm, and cause *Halcyon* days.
 How worthy therefore is our gracious Prince,
 Who th' World of's Majesty doth thus convince.
 Plain Symptoms too of's Clemency appear,
 Whose splendour lightens our dark Hemisphere.
 Hail great'st of Kings, and best of Princes too,
 Who so great Emblems of thy love dost shew :
 Hail *Europe's* Gem, and *England's* sole Defender,
 Who dost to us thy radiant Beams Surrender.
 With what applauding Pomp then should all grace
 Thy splendent, God-like, and Majestick Face!
 Go to, rejoice, nay celebrate his Praise,
 And's Fame commemorate to future Days.

Of the Spring.

OLD Frosty *Winter* now at length retreats,
 And blust'rous *Boreas* mitigates his threats.
Phæbus draws nigh; *Phæbus* doth now salute,
 With's splendent Rays which do the Earth recruit.
 The Days extend, fourteen hours pass away,
 Before the am'rous Ev'ning crowns the day.

The

The murm'ring Brooks their Icy Bands do shun,
And in their solit course do sweetly run.

The Earth puts off her frozen Cloak of Snow,
And fragrant Violets with *Lilies* blow.

Each Meadow decks her self with divers Flow'rs.
And doth adorn her Front with Prime-rose Tow'rs,
The spangled Dazes do now represent
So many Stars i' th' Heav'nly Firmament.

The lofty Poplar doth now grace his head
With new-sprung Garlands, which before seem'd
dead.

The painted Fruit-Trees too do fairly bloome,
Which gives us hopes of great increase to come.
The joyful Fields do sweetly laugh and sing,
Triumphing i' th' approach of th' welcome Spring.

Reviving *Zephyrus* doth gently move
The florid Daffodils; The Turtle-Dove
Now courts his Mate; Th' aspiring Lark now flies
Aloft, and seems to beat the azure Skies.

The Feather'd Crew all testify 'tis Spring,
When with their various Notes the Woods do ring.

Sweet *Philomela* tunes her warbling Notes,
And to the silent Night her Charms devotes.

Swift-winged *Progne* hath now crost the Seas
Once more the lab'ring Peasant's Ears to please.

The Cuckow too calls forth the honest Dames
To hear their Hen-peckt Cuckold Husbands
Names.

The chatt'ring Pye now builds her lofty Nest,
And tends her tender Brood with careful Breast.

Old Age now leaves the Hearth, that bright *Sols*
Beam,

Might once more on her hoary pate now stream.
The lazy Shepherd feeds his sporting Sheep,
And with his Pipe doth tune himself asleep.
The spruce young Lovers now i' th' dawn o' th' day
Do seek their Nymphs, and with 'em fondly play.
Brown *Amaryllis* in the Plains doth dance,
And *Corydon* doth with her nimbly prance.
Since all things therefore at this time rejoice,
Let Mirth and Joy now be the common Voice.

Of the Winter.

Grey-headed Hyems now (alas!) returns,
And happy dayes our Hemisphere now
spurns.

Our dismal Globe puts on a Tragick Face,
And all this mortal Scene doth lose its grace.
Our Coasts, that glorious Orb of Heav'n the Sun,
(Lo!) ev'ry day now more and more doth shun.
Zeph'rus is gone, and blust'rous *Boreas* roars,
Beating the Waves against the rocky shores.
No *Philomela* tunes her various notes,
And to the calmer Ev'ning charms devotes.
False *Progne* now has crost the stormy Seas,
Seeking, than ours, a warmer Port of ease.
Th' Hybernal Flocks unto our Shores are come,
Being cursed Harbingers of future doom.

The piercing Frosts have nipt the fragrant Flow'rs,
And ev'ry Mead has lost her Prime-rose Tow'rs.
Where the fair *Crocus* was then wont to blow,
The Earth's involv'd in winding sheets of Snow.
The lofty Poplar has now shed his hair,
And in obedience to the Fates stands bare.
The Riv'lets now with Icy Chains are ty'd,
And can't i' th' solit currents purling glide.
A *Remora* t' all bus'ness too is put,
The Shepherd freezes in his open Hut; (feed,
And can't his Flocks i' th' spacious Plains now
And th' hunger-starven Swains from Plows are
freed.

Nor can they by their Art manure the Earth,
Which labours under a penurious dearth.
Thus Nature now doth seem to be dissolv'd,
And th' World i' th' Chaos to b' almost involv'd.
But as fair Calms more furious Storms succeed,
As after Day the Night puts on with speed;
So after joyful times there follows woe,
And Joy and Grief alternately do go.
Let's therefore not in these our Ills repine,
But to the Fates Decrees our Wills resign.

A ge.

A general Petition of a School, requesting a Cock-Fight of their Master.

LO! here (great Sir!) your tender Pupils all,
 With joint-consent do to you prostrate fall;
 Requesting one poor kindness, which from you
 To doubt, an Emblem of our Crimes would shew.
 'T would plead our guilt, if we should not implore,
 Authority that bears as well as pow'r,
 Propensive Will to grant; You can't deny;
 Concession (Sir!) is your chief property.
 On this Foundation then we build, we sue,
 And at your Altar humbly beg, that you
 Would this once more our solemn Games allow,
 And let our Pit with streaming Blood now flow,
 As heretofore 'twas wont. Hark, *Gallus* crows,
 Calls us to see, and 's Foe to feel his blows.
 Each object to this Royal Match invites,
 As when an *Hector* with *Achilles* fights.
 True Valour here doth still triumphant sit,
 To bear great Souls we may learn from the Pit,
 No small advantage (Sir!) there lies in it;
 Since Courage is the sum of *Homer's* Wit.
 May you then grant (good Sir!) that we enjoy
 This brave instruction by the sport to day;
 But pardon, if we seem too bold i' th' suite,
 Since they, who fearful ask, themselves confute.

A Dia-

A Dialogue between Alexander the Great and Diogenes the Cynick, stating the perplexities of Greatness with the tranquillity of a low Fortune.

Diogenes.

HAil, thou Great Monarch of this Earthly Globe ;
Jove's Viceroy, hail! whom Purple doth enrobe.

Alexander.

Why call'st me Great ? If thou admir'st my Fate,
Why dost thou live thus in this sordid state ?
If thou affect'st a noble Royalty,
Turn up thy Tub, a Courtier thou shalt be.

Diogenes.

In this my Tub I far transcend your Throne ;
None are so brave as those who scorn a Crown.
Nay more, how many snares for Princes wait ;
What Hooks are cover'd with a gilded bait.
If you'd your whole Dominions grant, I'd them
(As dang'rous Toys) reject, and quite contemn.

Alexander.

Dost think my Life-Guards then can't me secure,
Who with vast Forts my Person do immure ?

My

My speaking Eye gives Laws to subject Souls;
My beck the World's important part controuls.

Diogenes.

The sooner then some bold ambitious Spark
Will strive t^e Eclipse your Light, which makes his
dark;

For when one Prince by others is out-shone,
He'll try all stratagems them to Dethrone.
By those how many sacred Monarchs dy,
From whom they ne'r expected Treachery.

Alexander.

But grant my greatness can't enough protect;
Let me but on thy crazy Tub reflect.
Can this against a storm a Bulwark stand?
Here thou mayst perish by a common hand.
Should Heav'n's crispt Cataracts to rush begin,
Each gaping Chasın would greedy Death let in.

Diogenes.

I rest secure; with wrongs I none offend;
Whence none to wrong me their intentions bend,
No dire Assassins lay snares for me;
I have no Gold their thirst to satisfy.
No bloody Traytors tempt to cast me down,
That they might get my empty Tub, my Crown.
My harmless ways do please the Pow'rs above;
Still Innocence is Harbinger to Love.

Alexander.

Alexander.

But hark, O Old Fantastick Cynick Bard!
Don't Heav'n more its Vicegerent's safety guard?

Diogenes.

Your *more* may fail; Let Heav'n both Patronize,
You for your Kingdom, me for humbler Eyes.

Alexander.

Humility's a trifling toy, whose worth
None recommend, but he, whose mind's on Earth.
That Head's most sacred that can wear a Crown,
That Hand is blest that can a Scepter own.

Diogenes.

Tho' Heav'n may seem to bless a Prince, yet he
To's joy has still annexed misery.
The burthen of a massy Crown is great,
And anxious cares a Monarch's heartstrings eat.

Alexander.

This gilded World is nothing else, but care,
False fear, vain hope, and languishing despair:
In what a wretched state then must those dwell,
Who Ant'dotes want these poysons to expel.
I banish cares with the *Falernian* Wine,
And with sweet pleasures I my life refine;
Whilst (like the Country Mouse) thou quite dost
starve,
And wilt not of more dainty Dishes carve.

Diogenes.

Diogenes.

Alas your pleasure brings a sting with it,
 And all your happiness is counterfeit.
 Through jealous fear you can't your Nectar taste,
 No Theaters can calm your stormy Breast.
 In feasting the drawn Sword hangs o're your head,
 And restless cares perplex your Soul abed.
 Whilst I poor Water and mean Herbs enjoy,
 And with Philosophy chase time away.
 My thoughtless Breast no Hecticks do combure,
 But in my Tub I sleep whole nights secure.
 'Tis better low and safe be, than t' advance,
 And mount upon the waxen Wings of chance.

Alexander.

But is't not brave bare Heads, bow'd Knees
 command,
 And have whole Kingdoms as your Vassals stand?

Diogenes.

Your high-aspiring thoughts this Pomp may please,
 But on the ground I'd rather take my ease;
 Where neither Wars, nor Fears, nor Fortune's
 frown,
 Can terrify, 'cause can't me low'r cast down.

Alexander.

Your Answer's right and strong; I must confess,
 These Arguments do make my Throne seem less
 Regarded in my Eyes: For those, who doe
 (Like *Spanish* Horses) feed on Winds, must rue.

The

The lofty Cedar furious Boreas tears,
 When the low shrub the storm uninjur'd bears.
 Thou safely liv'st, thy Life enjoy'st ; To burn
 Thy Corpse being dead, thy Tub's a Pile and Urn.
 Hence were I not that Monarch stiled Great,
 I'd for thy Tub (*Diogenes*) entreat.

My Wish.

MAY I (ye Gods) enjoy a Country Life,
 Free from cares, and free from tort'ring
 strife ;

Whilst others to great Cities seek resort,
 Where nought but gilded Vices keep their Court.
 May I within my native Country dwell,
 And ne're to these my Borders bid farewell.
 For Wealth, whilst others plow the angry Seas,
 And for the *Indian* Toys disturb their ease ;
 May I above contempt, and Fortune's Pow'r,
 In Summer solstice sleep i' th' shady Bow'r.
 Whilst other Patrons in their *Forum* plead,
 And for a Fee torment their sweating Head.
 May I in Winter chase the nimble Harts,
 And wound the Savage Boar with bloody Darts :
 Whilst others in their stately Buildings rest,
 And with hot Liquors burn their freezing Breast.
 May I at night my *Calia's* Eyes admire,
 Until my Breast is warm'd with gentle fire :
 Whilst others on their painted Misses doat,
 Until their Veins with flagrant Blood do float.

May

May I by night enjoy my dearest *Rose*,
 Until my Body's ready for repose :
 Whilst others tofs awake, perplex with cares,
 And dare not sleep for fear of secret Snares.
 May I in constant health spin out my days,
 No Gout, nor Stone, to interrupt my joys :
 Whilst others of their Serpents stings complain,
 And (which they get by riot) feel the pain.
 But when Death's sting my Spirits doth surprize,
 Let my poor *Celia*, *Celia* close my Eyes.

An Epitbalamium.

WHat merry Muse doth now my Breast
 inspire ?
 Or what inflames my Soul ? Oh ! 'Tis the fire,
 That darts (like Lightning) from the Lovers Eyes,
 Through which each others Soul its object spies :
 Whilst (like two cooing Turtles) they do play,
 And steal, with smiles, each other's Heart away.
 The true *Elysium* they now claim their own ;
 Whence they transcend a Scepter, or a Throne.
 They banish cares by th' ecstasies of love ;
 Where *Venus* rules, we need not envy *Jove*.
 And that these rapt'ring Joys may long endure,
 Let no sad *Omens* with black Clouds obscure
 Our radiant hopes. Ye hellish Fiends forbear
 To light the Torches, and be Dancers here.
 Leave not ye Fairies your *Tartarian* Lakes,
 About your Heads to whip your anguisht Snakes ;
 Whose

Whose shrill trifurcate Tongues prognosticate,
 That storms will soon loves knot dilacerate.
 Let's hear no shrieks of the nocturnal Crew,
 Being Harbingers of dissolution too.
 But let each object happiness presage,
 That ye i' th' Bonds of Love surpass the Age
 Of old *Tythonus* with his ruddy Bride,
 Who Insect turn'd through years before he dy'd.
 Ye Nymphs and Satyrs here your steps advance,
 Ye Fawns and Graces here unite and dance.
 Let all the rural Deities adorn (Morn;
 Their Fronts with Garlands blushing like the
 With greatest joys and pomp to solemnize
 The Nuptials, that so fair a pair comprize:
 Let *Venus* come; And let old Hymen stand,
 And seal the knot up with a faithful hand;
 That (*Gordian*-like) it may ne'r be dissolv'd,
 Until the World i' th' Chaos be involv'd.
 Hence may you flourish in your jugal state,
 And have no cause e're to repent your fate.
 Let neither jars nor frets infringe your joys,
 But in blest union spin ye out your days;
 Till Death at length severs you, when your Souls
 Must wing their course up to the starry Poles.
 May Heav'n show'r down it's *Manna* on your
 Head,
 And bless with an increase your toral Bed:
 May you (like *Abram's* Consort) multiply
 Your Seed to emulate the Stars on high.
 That (like fresh Olive-branches) you may see
 Your Children round you smile, each in's degree.

D

But

But hark, O Bride! What makes Vermilion now
 More rise in thy fair Cheeks? The lovely Snow
 Is courted by the Rose to melt away;
 Why dost thou blush? Doth Fire oppose delay?
 (Just like the *Phœnix* in her spicy Nest)
 Thou flutter'st in thy Bed: Thy flagrant Breast
 Will strait break forth in flames: Thy ardent zeal
 Thy blushing front no longer will conceal:
 My tedious Muse shall not therefore defer
 Your joys no more, nor longer shall occur
 Your burning Hectics: Lo! the Torch expires,
 And doth not flame so much as your desires:
 Hence giving you all joy we bid good night,
 And leave you to embrace your Souls delight.

Of the Powder-Plot.

What Hellish Furies do infest this Age,
 Where Plots, Rebellion, Death and
 Murther rage!
Megara and her Consorts now presume
 To leave their Seats, the more to urge our doom.
Astrea's fled, nor will she more be seen;
 Since Hell to Earth has brought her Tragick Scene.
 The Devil sure these projects did contrive,
 For from no other Font they can derive
 Themselves; No treach'rous, forlorn *Catiline*,
 Did e're such fatal storms for *Rome* design.
 No *Mimas* e're did think on such an act,
 Nor could such Hellish Tortures e're compact.
 Bloody,

Bloody, thrice bloody Tyrants ! who would fain
 Thus sacred Purple with black Sables stain,
 And this great Nation utterly confuse,
 Astho' this Realm i' th' Chaos they'd reduce.
 No time to soften grief by just degrees,
 But (like a Hurricane on *Indian* Seas)
 The furious Tempest was design'd t' have rose,
 Whose blast should bring a sudden burst of woes.
 They'd give no symptoms by a lightning flash ;
 But would puff up with one grand thund'ring crash
 The best of Kings and all's heroick Peers,
 Astho' they'd force them to their proper Spheres.
 But Heaven's prudent Senate, mov'd to see
 Such horrid, hateful thoughts of treachery,
 With speed consulted to prevent our fate,
 And these their damn'd designs t' infatuate,
 Hence Heav'n's bright Beams all secret Clouds
 away
 Did drive, and Night was turn'd to splendid Day.
 Their cursed projects plainly did appear,
 And they the works of their own hands did bear ;
 Nor was there ever any Law more just, (first,
 Than that such tempts should foil their Authors
 Who dare (like th' old *Gigantic* Brood) rebel
 'Gainst *Jove*, and will not in subjection dwell.
 Go to now (Traytors !) lay your secret snares,
 Attempt great Monarchs whosoe're now dares !
 Angels are Guardians of that sacred Name,
 And Heav'n provides for its Vice-gerent's Fame.

Against false Report.

WHat crafty *Sphinx* new Riddles doth
 propose?
 Or what *Chimera* various shapes now shows?
 Oh! 'Tis Report; she is a Monster grown,
 Whose Fangs (like *Cadmus* Serpent's teeth) when
 sown,
 Spring up to arms, and strait do tumults cause,
 Contemning Mans, and scorning Nature's Laws.
 (*Chamalion*-like) on empty air she feeds,
 And more depends on fancy than an deeds.
 She (*Proteus*-like) doth ev'ry moment change,
 And never constant in one tone doth range:
 But variously she out of envious spite,
 With her curst sting poor Mortals doth backbite.
 She always loves beyond the truth to glide;
 Whence she to Dev'lish Lying is ally'd.
 For Rumours still by rousing to and fro
 Increase (like Snow-Balls) and do greater grow.
 This fertile *Hydra* (when once feis'd the Field)
 Cannot by any *Hercules* be kill'd.
 O then that she would first of all destroy
 Those, that for her do first invent the way.

Of my Change to a City Life.

WHY am I plung'd in this Abyſs of woes?
Are theſe (O cruel Fates !) your ſecret
blows?

Do you (like *Cupid*) throw your ſilent Dart,
And where there is no cauſe, yet wound the Heart?
If I've deſerv'd to ſpend my hours in pain,
And never to enjoy my ſelf again :

Why doth not thunder rend the yielding Skies,
And Lightning dart its vengeance on mine Eyes.

That to *Jove's* wrath a Victim I might fall ;

Then this would put a period to all.

But here confin'd in cloſe Imprisonment,

I'm forc'd to lead my Life in diſcontent ;

Whilſt tedious hours do paſs as dull away,

As theirs, who are confin'd from their Joy ;

To whom with ſighs they ſend their raviſh'd Souls,

And mount 'em up unto the azure Poles.

No joys, no ſweet Parentheſis of eaſe,

Theſe pompous Objects can't my Soul appeaſe,

Where Tow'rs and Top-knots cloud the glimmer-

ing Skies,

And painted Beauty dazzles weaker Eyes,

If this Men count true happineſs, there's none,

Where pain ſucceeds as ſoon as pleaſure's gone.

Ah happy Spark! that courts his Country Laſs,

Whoſe native Beauty needs no paint nor glaſs ;

And near *Sabrina's* gentle murm'ring ſtreams,

Lies down and ſleeps, and of his fair one dreams.

O then that the kind Gods would deign my Eyes
 Once more to see this blessed Paradise,
 Where pleasure flows and unconfined Springs ;
 Where ev'ry object an *Elysium* brings.

A Jear to a High-flown Lady.

'G Ad (Madam) tho' your Poets seem to raise
 Up for your Ex'lence Mountainies of praise,
 And teign, that you are constant, kind, and fair;
 I'll swear (by *Jove*!) they only Flatt'ers are.
 For (Faith!) your fancy'd Beauty's not so great,
 That it may merit of a Clown a Treat.
 You think your Crystal Eyes do charm each Heart,
 When your whole Fabrick is scarce worth a F---
 And if you please to view your Face i' th Glass,
 Your self will say with me, 'tis all my N---
 Nor could I e're experience you were kind,
 But (troth) you are as constant as the Wind:
 The crisped Waves that o're the Ocean rove,
 Are not so fickle as your sighs and love.
 But don't take snuff, tho' I now tell you true,
 You're a fine Scar-crow; But what if you do?---
 Come then, trust Sycophantic Pens no more,
 Suppress your Pride, and your defects deplore:
 For if you do believe each fawning Fop,
 (By *Jove*) you are as senseless as a Sop.

To his Valentine.

M Adam! when you from Fortune's Urn did
 draw
 My Name, as yours, you gave a double Law.
 Your Beauty did one Obligation lay,
 Your Highness did transport me quite away;
 That one so meritorious and divine,
 Should have so mean, so low a *Valentine*.
 The thundring Monarch of th' Immortal Crew
 Had been a fitter *Valentine* for you.
 Blind Fortune's hand did erre, else with a kiss
 Great *Jove* from Heav'n had you saluted his.
 Ah Chance! why did'tt so fair a Nymph degrade?
 Why did the Lot of Heav'n her hand evade?
 Can I those sacred merits parallel,
 Which all the Fabricks upon Earth excel?
 Thus (Fortune) thy promiscuous hand doth love
 To mix poor Mortals with the Pow'rs above!
 But since (fair Madam!) Chance so rul'd your
 hand,
 And you vouchsaf'd your unmeet Lot to stand,
 This meaner Sacrifice (pray) don't refuse,
 Which at your Altar for acceptance sues.

The Memorandum.

SInce you, Dear Soul! by envious Fate's
decree

Must leave our Coasts, and (like an Eaglet) flee
To some bright, beauteous Sphere, take this with
you,

And place it there, where lies a heart, that's true,
As mine, from whence it came; There let it rest,
And banish black Oblivion from your Breast:

That you may ne're our former Leagues disown,
Tho' separation doth make two of one.

Long absence breeds a shiv'ring cold in love,
And (Ague-like) doth ardency remove.

Hence by experience we too often find,
That absent Darlings soon slip out of mind.

May you then this *Memento* bear along,
Which [seal'd with heart] shew's no perfidious
Tongue.

It bear's sincere Affection's stamp and coin,
And (like the purging Mint) doth dross disdain,

Thus now my Zeal a fond Oblation brings,
Till presence pays more stately Offerings.

But whensoever your vacant Eyes shall see
This monumental Verse, *Remember me.*

Too much of School.

CURst Fate ! How long wilt thou me doom to
Schools ?

Must I ne'r mount above the Sphere of Fools,
Who scarce their Alphabet can scrutinize,
Unless the Festraw guide their roving Eyes ?

Both Latin, and Greek Authors I have read,
And know in higher Elements to tread ;

Yet read I may, and read, and read again,
And when all's done, my labour proves but vain :

For no sublimer steps I can ascend ;
My long Beginning's like to want an end.

Within the School's severe and dismal Cell
(As an Imprison'd peccant) I must dwell,

And spend my Age in vain : I plow the Sands,
And wash the Black'moor's Head with frustrate

hands.

For progress now ly's dead ; no pains, no sweat,
Since what I've learnt already I repeat.

But hence I toss disturb'd, I take no ease,
The oft-boyld Crambe doth my docm increase.

'Twi'xt Life and Death (like *Tityus*) I do ly,
And wish a clear Reprieve, or quite to dy.

An

*An Epilogue to an old Play, as it
was acted by Country Bumpkins.*

OUR Play is done; Concoct it, as you please;
Tis time our Theatre should be at ease:
Since you have seen, what we poor Swains can do,
How we can play the Fool as well as you.
But tho' perhaps some Criticks damn our Play,
And swear, that we our ignorance betray;
Yet with these thoughts it may more currant pass,
Us desunt vires, tamen est laudanda voluntas.
'Twas Fame (tho' not hereby (we fear) acquir'd)
That then these our fantastick Souls inspir'd.
We don't exhaust your Purse; Hence we have
cause,
(Since not your Coyn) to challenge your applause.
But since o'th' Comick Scene your Tragick brow
To kill the Players doth now Cloudy grow:
We go to celebrate our nuptial rites,
And then to crop the Lover's sweet delights,
For which prepare a Joy, and so good night.

To a very accomplish'd Lady.

BE pleas'd (Dear Madam!) these submissive
lines

T' accept, which do triumph in their designs.

O kindest Heav'ns ! O most propitious Fates !
 O prosp'rous Stars ! O too too joyful States !
 The *Phœnix* now has left th' *Arabian* shores,
 And in our Hemisphere aloft now soars !
 A Heav'n-bred Goddess now descends on Earth,
 And ravishes the World in Beauty's dearth.
 Heav'n hath her charming *Venus* now distill'd,
 Whose splendid Beams my heart with bliss have
 fill'd.

My Soul (fair Charmer) gluts it self with joys,
 E'r since it felt the comfort of your rayes.
 Heav'n's Monarch did his greatest blessing shew,
 When he blest my Eyes with Heav'n's darling you:
 But if *Jove* should such gifts more oft bestow,
 The priding World would too too happy grow,
 Nay two Heav'ns there would be of equal bliss ;
 And th' envious Gods would sometimes visit this.
 You (Dear Nymph !) the true *Elysium* prove,
 Fair as *Venus*, kind as the Turtle-Dove.

The Golden Age doth now return in you ;
 You (like the Day-star) happy times renew.
 Old banish'd Piety has found a shore,
 In your fair Breast, where lyes all vertue's store.
 Heav'n's spangled roof too glitters in your Eyes ;
 You are our Jewel, and our choicest prize ;
 With whom (I vow) no merits upon Earth
 Can parallel, for Beauty, Wit, or Birth ;
 We all can put no prize upon your worth. }
 But *Sol* shall freeze, and Night's pale Goddess burn,
 The solid Globe into its Chaos turn,
 Ere I'll desist your Beauty to adore,
 And for your Blessing Candor to implore.

A Dream.

D. M.

When *Morpheus* last Night clos'd my slum-
 bring Eyes,
 And sleepy vapours did my Brain surprize,
 How did my active Soul chose you her Theam,
 On which she might insist in golden Dream.
 I re'lly thought (the Heav'ns to me being kind,
 That put these charming Amours in my mind.)
 Whilst I *Parnassus* forked top did seek,
 I found you slumb'ring in a silent Creek
 Near to the Muses *Helicon*; Where I
 With bended Knees first pay'd my obsequy;
 And then being shot with *Cupid's* Fiery Dart,
 I sought the Joys which Beauty's Charms impart.
 I prostrate fell upon your Snowy Breast,
 Where strait my ravish'd Soul did seize her Nest,
 Congratulating both our prosp'rous Fate,
 We lay some Minutes in that joyful state;
 And then O how great blifs my Soul possest,
 Being with your kind and sweet embraces blest.
 But whilst the dawning Morn *Aurora* brings,
 My lively Soul return'd with hov'ring wings,
 And strait to me rehearst her rapt'ring joys,
 How she had past into th' *Elysian* ways.
 And if my Body had from sleep been freed,
 I'd thought that dreams and truth had now agreed,
 But tho' it did a fancy'd Image prove,
 It may (I hope) portend to me your love.

Mr.

Mr. Pye.

Tell me, O tell me (Sir!) the reason, why
 Your glutt'd Eyes, not Stomach did deny
 That tempting bait of *Christmas* Guests call'd Pye?
 Was't Temp'rance: No 'twas rather Modesty.
 Modesty's Mean (I must confess) is good,
 But Modesty's extream is ill pursu'd.
 Thus when t' her dictates you t' obedient prov'd,
 The Mouth deny'd that which the Center lov'd.
 But were not you with tim'rous thoughts possess'd?
 And did strange *Chimera's* shake your Breast.
 Whereas you late near an Enormous Bug,
 Who empty'd one to fill a greater Mug.
 Expect therefore, nor don't response you've done,
 Before you plainly see all Courses gone:
 Nor (like an Ass) put up your Instrument,
 Left you too late again the deed repent.

*Unto a very fair Lady though
 somewhat freckled.*

Beauty (Dear Madam!) is the Poet's Theam,
 Religion's Idol, and the Lover's Dream.
 'Tis you are Beauty's Darling, Beauty's Joy,
 Who need not Art, nor such an idle toy
 To force out Love, and wound a doting heart;
 But real Beauty grace's ev'ry part.

Your

Your Cheeks (like Peacock's brighter Plumes)
do shine,

Compos'd of Metals of a diverse mind.

For (lo!) therein the Snowy Lilies grow,

And Crimson Roses intermixt do blow.

Those neater marks which on your Front remain,

Do not deface, but prove a charming stain:

Nay kinder Nature seems to place 'em there

As Stars and Lights to govern Mortals here.

Your Face is Heaven's Starry Firmament,

On which Astronomers may now content

Themselves to gaze, and you alone admire,

Who influence the Earth, and govern higher.

Hence did not *Phæbe* sometimes cloud her light,

And seem to frown and fume i' th' o'recast Night,

I should have thought that you had soar'd up there,

And rul'd your Chariot in the Heav'nly Sphere.

What Monarch can't subject his Throne to you,

And to so fair a Nymph give honour due?

'Tis strange, great *Jove* doth not his *Juno* leave,

That he might mortal Swains of you bereave,

Whose Charm's so strong, that Heav'n and Earth

would prove,

Sad, desprate Rivals, vying for your love.

To what intent did Nature you create

Of her refined Clay, and choicest State,

Unless to charm all mortal hearts asleep,

To wound the Gods and penetrate the deep?

Yet who can't choose, but prove and witness this,

That you through Beauty are the Spring of bliss?

From whom (as from a Fountain) do proceed

Those golden streams, which all true joys do breed.

And

And may those happy streams in you still flow;
 And may those cheerful Lilies in you blow;
 And may those Roses planted in your Face
 Appear most fresh, and never lose their grace;
 As long as *Phæbus* rules the beauteous day,
 And *Phæbe* doth by night her rays display;
 As long as *Atlas* bears the Heav'nly spheres:
 As long as *Jove* his Crown and Scepter bears,
 That happy, blest, and good that Man may prove,
 Who shall enjoy so fair, so sweet a Love.

A Fancy.

IF I had *Dadalean* Wings, my flight
 I'd take, and see my Fair One ev'ry night:
 I'd in the airy Mansions soar aloof,
 And emulate fair Heaven's spangled roof.
 No *Phæbus* then to melt my waxen plume,
 I'd not (like *Icarus*) receive my doom.
 I'd strike the top of our bright Hemisphere,
 And bring down Starry *Venus* for my Dear;
 With which I'd (like an Eagle) post away,
 And offer to my *Celia* this my Prey;
 And when t' her happy Window I was come
 (Being with my rap'ring joys now stricken dumb)
 I'd (like the burning *Phoenix*) strait begin
 To flutter till my *Phoenix* let me in;
 But when she had the passage soon made clear,
 I'd on my hov'ring Wings salute my Dear,

And

And give to her this Emblem of my love,
 To *Venus Venus*, and both from above.
 My bright *Idea's* arms I'd then enjoy,
 And 'bout her snowy neck my own display;
 I'd from her Lips too gently steal a kiss,
 And then congratulate our Heav'nly bliss.
 (Like two kind Turtles in the Myrtle shades)
 We'd coo and bill, until the Morn invades.
 But when *Aurora* brings on *Phæbus* ray,
 And *Phosphorus* leads on the hateful day,
 And thence breaks off our amours, I would seal
 Up with ten thousand kisses t' her my zeal;
 And then I'd to my former seats away;
 So till next night adieu unto my Joy.

*Requesting a Letter from his
 Mistress.*

AS when the long-toft Ark could find no shore,
 The Dove was sent to view the waves once
 more;

Till then with tyred Wings the Pledge of Peace,
 She brought, and Harbinger'd the waves decrease.
 So now being wrackt i' th' raging Sea of love,
 My heart implores your hand to play the Dove,
 And grant the Olive-Branch wrapt in one line,
 That I may hope for Peace, whilst I'm still thine:
 Then shall no heart i' th' world be found more true
 Than mine, to that bright, charming Goddess you.

The

The Nightingale.

DIsband (O *Winter*!) this thy fable dress,
 Let florid Garlands new-sprung joyes
 expres;
 The Golden Age returns with speedy Wing,
 And we shall now enjoy Eternal Spring.
 Last night I heard sweet *Philomela* tune
 Such warbling notes, that even charm'd the Moon.
 Her Syren's Voice made Heaven's Choirs give ear,
 Such charming and sweet melodies to hear.
 She (like *Amphion*) made each Tree to dance,
 And ev'ry smiling Stone to give a glance.
 Here was th' *Empyreum* of sweet harmony,
 Whose Flashes high-born Fancies did descry.
 Whose flourish (meteor-like) did curl the air,
 Trembling like sweet *Apollo's* gilded hair.
 Her quav'ring Voice did up to Heaven rove,
 Whilst she sang forth the sweetest cares of love.
 The Winged People of the Skies can't sing
 Such well-tun'd Anthems to their Heav'nly King,
 As those, which this sweet *Philomela* gave,
 Which charm'd the Gods, and did my Soul enslave.

E

Unto

*Unto a Gentleman very strictly
confining my Muse.*

WHen Eagles Wings are clipt, how can
they soar,
And gaze o' th' nearer Beams with dauntless
pow'r?
Should Hills oppose, how could vast *Nile* flow,
And with its streams make *Egypt* fruitful grow?
When Fancy is deny'd her tow'ring flight,
How can a Poet ought (but non-sense) write?
Since she delights to wave her frothy Oar
In the vast Sea, that's bounded with no shore.
She loves to wing away from her own source,
And scorns all Obstacles that stop her course.
No more let Fops then bound a Poet's Wit,
Lest they themselves be justly damn'd for it;
When the Abortive Product doth appear,
Which their confinement made the Poet bear.

*A very patheticall Poem to a
Young Lady.*

WHat prosp'rous Gales did breath upon my
fails,
Whilst love was haven'd without usual toils?

How

How calmly (Madam!) did you steal my heart,
When cheerful smiles did at me seem to dart?
Your Crystal Front did bright (like Stars) appear,
Whose glows enlighten'd our dark Hemisphere.
Grant me (Dear Madam!) but your charming
hand,

And you shall have my heart at your command.
My Soul and Body would grow proud, if they
Could but attain your Mandate to obey.

To serve so fair a Nymph is not a doom,
But Heav'n on Earth as well as Heav'n to come.
If th' envious Fates should storm and prove unkind,
And we from mutual Amours be confin'd,
(Like Heav'n's Monarch) I'd break the strongest
Tow'rs,

T' imbrace my *Danae* in golden show'rs.
I'd with *Leander* cross the stormy Seas,
That you, my fairest *Hero*, I might please.
If Heath'nish Crews my living Mass should burn,
If I were headlong thrust into my Urn,
And (like *Mezentius*) were interr'd alive,
Against the solid Globe of Earth I'd strive;
Th' establish'd Laws of Nature I would cross,
Nor shou'd th' *Elysian* toys repair my loss.
(Like *Jove* to's *Semele*.) I'd rise again,
To you in Thunder to express my pain.
Lightning Sparks splendent (like your lovely eyes)
Shou'd be my Pages, and the Angels spies.
The airy Spirits should my Servants stand
To wait on me, who wait to kiss your hand.
Your sacred Deity (I know) can bear
These radiant Trains without the least of fear.

In your imbraces I'd consume the day,
 And then at Night I'd soar the Milky way.
 Now an Amphibious Creature I should prove,
 And live part here below, and part above.
 But when you had spun out your fatal thread,
 I'd lead you to th' *Elysium* of the dead ;
 Where we in shades with clasped arms would ly,
 Imbracing Blifs to all Eternity.

The Change.

I Once admired Beauty's charming pow'r,
 And dreamed on my Fair One ev'ry hour :
 But now since I'm the object of her scorn,
 Than which I'd rather death it self have born ;
 Farewel the Follies of a gilded Brow,
 Where Crimson Roses, and fair Lilies grow ;
 Which (like the Damask Jewels) fade away,
 And flourish, fall, and dy, all in one day.
 Thus Vi'lets blushing on the Morning Sun,
 Do hide their Heads before his course be done.
 If I on Beauty have a mind to gaze,
 I'll have that mine, which so short time shan't raze.
Egyptian Monuments shall be my Bride,
 Which don't (like Women) glory in their Pride :
 Or else to Heaven I'll attoll my Eyes,
 And there admire the glory of the Skies ;
 With which there's none on Earth can parallel,
 Whilst glitt'ring Stars the fairest Eyes excel.

So fair a Front no Earthly *Phanix* wears,
As *Phæbe* doth riding i' th' lofty Spheres.
No Earthly Beauty then I'll more adore,
Nor e're for Beauty's fairest Queen implore:
The spangled Heaven shall my Mistress be,
To which I'll tend my cries, and bend my knee.

Acrosticks.

On M^{rs} Bridget Wood.

B oast th' happy World of these *Halcyon* days,
R ising from you the native spring of joys.
I n you the fainting World begins to move,
D rowning all cares i' th' Ecstasies of love.
G reat-Britain's shore a Paradise became,
E re since kind Heaven blest it with your name;
T his is our blazing Star, our Nation's Fame.

W itty, brisk, kind, and fair, nay Pious too
(O Heav'ns!) you are: Who merits thus like you?
O Muses Darling, Hail! Hail, Beauty's gem,
D ropt to Earth from Heav'n in a golden dream.

On Madam Frances Bosworth.

F arewel to frowning Nature's Tragick Face;
R esplendent Beauty now the Scene doth grace.
A *Venus* lightens our dark Hemisphere,
N or doth she less than Heaven's pow'rs appear :
C onfinement only to these Earthly toys
E clipfes (Madam!) your Cœlestial rayes :
S eize Heav'n, and you shall have Immortal praise.

B eauty's chief Idol, and true vertue's gem
(O Heav'ns!) you prove, and honours noble stem.
S erener Nature all her gifts did heap,
W hen you her dearest Darling she did shape ;
O r (like *Apelles*) the whole World did fleece ;
R ejoycing to make you her Master-piece.
T he Heav'ns triumph in these too happy days,
H ail, fairest *Phœnix*, and the Font of joys.

On Madam Anna Cole.

A Sift (O Muse!) the subject is too high
For such a rustick silly Swain as I.

A ll former times your worth (Dear Madam) shew;
N o sacred Nymph was e're so fair as you.
N ot *Greece* may charming *Hellen* more admire,
A fairer *Venus* doth our Souls inspire.

C an't this tho' seem a grand mysterious truth,
O nce that a *Cole* should prove so fair forsooth:
L o! candid Lilies in this *Cole* do blow;
E ach lovely part appears like driven snow.

If this poor piece my meanness hath betray'd,
(Fair Madam!) pardon, 'cause you were obey'd.

*Another on Madam Frances
Bosworth.*

*F*rom Beauty (Madam!) flows your Poet's theam,
*R*eligion's Idol, and the Lover's dream.

A fairer Nymph the World did never know,
*N*or could the Heav'ns a greater gift bestow
*C*onceding you, then when they blest our Coasts,
*E*ach charmed heart since of your influence boasts.
*S*ure Nature made you of refined Clay,

*B*eing kind to Man, and studious of his joy ;
*O*r Heaven's Senate did your beams dismiss,
*S*treaming on Mortals their cœlestial bliss.
*W*ise, fair you be, nay good and vertuous too ;
*O*f which each act's a proof that comes from you.
*R*ejoice the World ; Rejoice ye mortal Crew, }
*T*wo Heav'ns to us the kindest Gods do shew ; }
*H*eav'n with them, and Heav'n (Dear Madam) }
with you.

In eandem.

F *austa dies! felix tempus! Redit Aurea Proles,*
 R *edduntur mundi gaudia prima sacri.*
 A *uster mutatur Zephyro; Fugere labores;*
 N *ullus adest mæror; Nullus adestq; dolor.*
 C *uncta renascentis gaudent consinia mundi;*
 E *t nunc virtutes, nunc pietasq; viget:*
 S *aturni veteris redeunt sic tempora lata!*

B *uccina nulla strepit; Ridet at alma quies.*
 O *felix ævum! Quam prospera secula currunt!*
 S *ic tu latitiam (Nympha Venusta!) paris!*
 V *irtus influxu, radiis tua forma coruscis,*
 V *ultus sideribus pectora nostra beat!*
 O *faciles superi! Claro de limine Cæli*
 R *editur alma Venus; Numen habemus, Ave.*
 T *ellus fit Cælum; Cælum (Dea pulchra!) tulisti;*
 H *inc tibi sacra cadant; Hinc tibi Thura fluant.*

Of Man.

M *ay'st thou (Hyperbolized nothing Man,*
 A *n empty shade, or Bubble!) know thy span,*
 N *ow Life, strait Death; so frail a Creature's Man.*

On

On Beauty in its praise.

B right Beauty doth the World's chief Idol prove;
E ach charming feature doth affection move.
A Heav'n on Earth through Beauty we enjoy;
V ain are all Forts, where Beauty leads the way.
T he Gods themselves to Beauty's charms indulge;
Y ear's frozen Ice fair Beauty's beams infulge.

On Time.

T ime stays for none, but still with fleeting wings
I spothing on: With Scythe our doom she brings:
M ade bald behind she's too; Take Lock before,
E lse once being past, you ne're will see it more.

On Death.

D eath's fatal stroke in time will pierce all hearts,
E ach mortal Man lies subject to her Darts.
A Prince and Peasant in thy Laws agree,
(T hou Death!) that summon'st all away to thee:
H ence we but frail and fading Blossoms be.

Epi-

Epigrams.

Unto Madam Wood.

THE Fawns and Satyrs once the sacred
 Woods did store ;
 But never was a *Wood* a Goddess made before.
 We now have (thanks to Fate) a Goddess and
 a *Wood*,
 In you the double comfort of this mortal brood.
 For (like a Goddess) you do fill the World with
 grace,
 And in your arms you (like a shelt'ring Wood,
 embrace.

In Paulam nasum oblongum sortientem.

AUricomâ Venere, & formâ formosior ipsâ
 Paula foret, brevior si modò Nasus erat.
 Mille juventutis flagrantis basia Paula
 Acciperet, brevior si modò Nasus erat.
 Deniq; connubio frueretur Paula beato,
 Ter felix, brevior si modò nasus erat.
 Consilium si (Paula !) meum petis, ultima nasi
 Detrahe, nec Tantum Rhinocerotis habe.

In Rosellam odoribus nimis indulgentem.

JUrabo, quod sis hederâ formosior albâ,
 Et puto quod morbis (pulchra Rosella !) cares.
 Sed quorsum cunctis membris diapasmata spirant?
 Crede mihi, bene olet (nil olitura) Venus.

De Leone, & Cane.

DUM pavidum Leporem sequitur Canis acris
 Asylum,
 Commiserans tutum præbuit ora Leo.
 Hoc decus (en !) fuerat, Romani Caesaris olim;
 Dignius at tu nunc Maxime Caesar habes;
 Dum Canis atq; Leo concordant, vivitur una,
 Amplexasq; Canem dormitat ungue Leo:
 Quos decet esse hominum tali sub Principe mores,
 Dum fera mitescens nil feritatis habet.

Ad Amicam.

Nympha, Venus, Pallas, Virtus, Dea, Virgo, Virago,
 Indulge lachrymis; Verba suprema cape.
 En! Lachrymæ trivère genas, suspiria pectus;
 Venit summa dies; Captus amore cado.

On

On Phillis.

COY *Phillis* vows she hates a kiss,
 And swears from thence proceeds no bliss;
 And if in Company you dare
 Her Lips but touch, she'll tear your hair:
 But if in private you her greet,
 She'll with her open Mouth you meet:
 Thus Maids affect a silent joy,
 And kissing love, tho' they seem coy.

On Superba.

W^Hat double Scents (*Superba*!) thou dost
 bring?
 Thou'rt sweet, yet stink'ft; Thou smel'ft of
 ev'ry thing.
 The sweet *Pomanders* do thy toys perfume;
 Thy poy's'nous breath my Spirits doth consume.

On Ficosa.

W^Ell-bred *Ficosa* doth so tune her speech,
 Thro' Nose, you'd swear, she'd imitate
 your Breech.
 Nay 'tis force put; for she is an old Strumpet,
 Whose half-eat Nose doth wrattle like a Trumpet.

Unto

Unto Rembombo.

MY loathing heart (*Rembombo!*) can't thee
 love,
 Nor can I this with Arguments now prove :
 Of this thing only can I thee assure,
 I can't thee for thy noysom Breath endure.

Love.

MY Heart is gone, no more it is mine own ;
 For she that claims it, who can't scorn a
 Crown ?

Fiery Passion.

MY Dearest Life ! I cannot brook delay,
 Hasten, fly, come quick, or else I dy
 this day.

Despair.

MY Fair One's Fire is into Ice congeal'd,
 And hence (alas !) my horrid doom is
 seal'd.
 Break, Break (O Heart !) Weep tears of blood
 (O Eyes)
 I now must dy love's martyr'd Sacrifice.

The

The last Petition.

GRant me my last request (My fatal Dear!)
Upon my Fun'ral Urn distil a tear.
'Tis but a Debt most due and just; since I
For you alone did Rivers weep, and dy.

An Ode unto a scornful Lady.

1.
WHY (proud *Lucyda*!) why
Dost hold thy Head so high
Above our Spheres? Would'st thou fain center *Jove*,
And with Pride charm him down
A Vassal to thy frown?
Alas! The Gods such tow'ring hearts ne'r love.

2.
Tho' Roses mixt with Snow,
By art do florid blow:
In thy fictitious Cheeks, who will adore
Such gilded trifling toys,
Such false and fleeting joys,
Which kill, when please, and then are seen no more.

3. Thou'rt

3.

Thou'rt now puffed up with Pride,
 And scorn'st to be a Bride,
 Unless to Heav'n : Swell up your pregnant Sails,
 And soar there, if you can !
 Thy Life is but a span,
 As well as mine : Know fate will pitch her Toils.

4.

Thy blust'ring Pride can't save
 Thee from the vorant Grave ;
 But when thou hast a few more minutes spent,
 The terror of decay
 Will fright thee into Clay,
 And then in dust thy lofty Pride's impent.

5.

Thy Ruby Lips ; Thy Eyes
 Like Starry Orbs ; Thy Skies
 Of Marble Veins (when pale-fac'd Death shall seize)
 (Like mine) must fade away,
 And turn again to clay,
 Nor are they better in the Urn than these.

6.

Why then dost thou thus ride
 Upon the Wings of Pride,
 And scorn adoring Man, as tho' unmeet
 For one so fair as you ?
 Know, Beauty 'll soon adieu ;
 And then who 'll e're fall prostrate at your feet ?

An

An Ode to his jealous Mistress.

1.
M Adam! I thought your Faith had been
 more strong,
 Than to believe, that ever I could wrong
 Love vow'd to you my Soul's delight,
 And only Joy, tho' envious spite
 Accus'd me false to you,
 When (Heaven knows) I'm true.

2.
 True, True, resolv'd, and constant I abide,
 And do not steer away with ev'ry Tide,
 As false and fickle Lovers do,
 Whose Appetites are still for new.
 (By Heav'ns) you have my heart,
 From whom it can't depart.

3.
 The Center that is fix'd to *Jove's* great Throne,
 Can sooner be discus'd, than one, ev'n one
 Of all my former vows to you
 Be broke, and I perfidious grow.
 I'll (like *Leander*) prove
 Still constant in my love.

F

4. Then

4.

Then don't let that accurst Dog Jealousie
 (Backt with report) more gripe, and torture thee:
 Your faithful Servant I'll remain,
 As long as Heav'ns me life do deign;
 Now what my Pen hath vow'd,
 My Passion will make good.

SONGS.

1.

When through the Woods a nimble Deer
 I vig'rous once did chase,
 And brandishing my fatal Spear,
 Oppos'd his horned Face.

2.

When Rock-wood made the Groves to ring,
 I (like *Actæon*) found
Diâna slumb'ring near a Spring,
 Lay claspt upon the ground.

3.

I thought it was some Goddess lay
 Enwrapt in golden dreams;
 Her Snowy Arms she did display,
 Lul'd fast with murm'ring streams.

4. I

4.
I first refus'd her gentle ease
To break with obsequies ;
But then my Passion did encrease,
And I unclos'd her Eyes.

5.
Which (like two rising Suns) did shine,
When the lov'liest Creature
To me did joyfully resign
Every smiling feature.

6.
I rais'd her up, and did salute
Her with a tender kiss ;
And when her Spirits did recruit,
She consummates my bliss.

7.
What raptures did my burning Breast
With am'rous joys inspire !
How was my zealous heart possess'd
With loves, love's gentle fire !

8.
At length (alas !) Sol's absent ray
The glimmering World defaces :
And thus we spent that happy day
In mutual imbraces.

The Syren.

1.
When *Phæbus* dipt his blushing rays
 In the deep *Euxine* Port,
 And eager of his rapt'ring joys,
 To's *Tethys* did resort:

2.
 I gently mov'd my careless Feet
 To crop the Ev'ning joys,
 And near a purling stream so sweet,
 I heard my Fair One's Voice.

3.
 Where I lay down on the soft grass,
 To listen to her art;
 Whilst ev'ry note and high-rai'd flash
 Did penetrate my heart.

4.
 She (like the charming Nightingale)
 Did her sweet cares complain;
 Whilst ev'ry whisp'ring gentle gale,
 Did breathe to me her pain.

5.
 Love's raptures then my Soul did seize,
 And urg'd me to proceed;
 Nor I my Passion could appease,
 Until her charms agreed.

6. She

6.

She then did chearful words impart,
'Twas time (Dear Joy !) to rise,
Whereas I see thy burning heart
To sparkle through thine Eyes.

The Acquest.

1.

Long, long had my Fair One seem'd coy,
And blasted my hopes with a Nay;
But at length th' fierce flame of desire,
And sense of true joy,
Did steal her away,
And blow'd up her languishing fire.

2.

Love, Love in her heart is now come,
And lights up his Torch with new flame :
She loves me, she hugs me, and clips ;
No more she'll conceal,
Nor stifle her zeal,
With Kisses she'll wear out my Lips.

3.

Coy frowns are now chang'd into smiles,
And hope all despair now beguiles :
With glances she vows me her love,
With sighs she doth seal
To me her hearts zeal,
And in raptures doth coo like a Dove.

F 3

4. To

4.

To me then (my Fair One) resort,
 That we (like two Turtles) may sport
 In the pleasures of love, and enjoy,
 What your scorn so long
 From us did prolong,
 And never no more be so coy.

A Catch.

1.

LET the Brimmers go round
 Like the Sun in the Sky,
 And the Glasses be crown'd,
 Till a Globe they descry.

2.

In th' Abyſs of the Bowls
 Let us plunge all dull care,
 And let's swell up our Souls
 With our Nectar so rare.

3.

We'll this Night drink and sing,
 And brisk *Bacchus* admire;
 But when Morning doth spring,
 We'll begin to retire.

4. Then

4.
Then make use of your time,
Come, troul it away;
For I think it no crime,
Thus our lives to enjoy.

The Shepherd.

I.
WHilst I my tender Flocks did feed
In *Tempe's* lovely Plains,
And when from care my Breast was freed
Amongst the rural Swains :

2.
I spy'd a shady Willow-Bed
Near to my grazing Sheep,
Where I lay'd down my thoughtless Head,
And tun'd my self asleep.

3.
My Dear *Florella* passing by
My trembling hand did take ;
And mov'd me with a gentle cry,
Ah, *Corydon*, awake!

4.
At first she seem'd to be a Grace
To my dim, slumb'ring Eyes :
At length I knew *Florella's* Face,
And did to her arise.

5:

In mutual arms with equal flame,
 We did each other hold;
 And when the dawning Ev'ning came,
 We drove our Flocks to fold.

A Catch.

Come, Come (Boys!) fill up your Glasses,
 And drink to the Lasses;
 Let cheerful *Bacchus* now abound,
 And Kisses too go round.

Let ev'ry Man now take his Glass,
 And 's kifs present to's Lafs:
 For he's a sluggish drowzy Ass,
 That will let either pass.

Good Wine will make us brisk and gay,
 And fill our hearts with joy;
 And then a lovely Damsel's kifs
 Will consummate our blifs.

No one was ever in the dumps
 Whilst Wine and Virgin's Rumps
 He did pursue; Here lies pleasure,
 And the World's choice treasure.

Strike

Strike up then (Sparks!) And fear no claps
In these sweet Virgins Laps,
But when you do new Spirits lack,
Here's good *Maligo* Sack.

Love abus'd turns to hate.

1.
I Never thought I could be shot
With *Cupid's* fiery Dart;
But now he hath Dominion got,
And penetrates my heart;
For *Cupid's* Arrows do resistless prove,
And all are subject to the charms of love.

2.
When first *Althea's* lovely Eyes
On me did seem to play,
She did my Spirits strait surprize,
And rapt my Soul away.
So soon a Damsel's glance and charming smile
Doth fire our Breasts, and make our Blood to boy!

3.
I then beseech'd my Dearest Love
To consummate my Joys,
And meet me in a silent Grove
With *Phæbus* setting rays.
For what's the rapt'ring bliss of Lovers charms,
When they ly clasped in each others arms?

4.

I long did wait 'twixt hope and fear,
 And ev'ry gentle gale,
 That lightly toucht my list'ning Ear,
 I thought *Althea's* call. (pow'r,
 How great, how strong, (alas) was love's love's
 When ev'ry minute seem'd a tedious hour ?

5.

At length of her I did despair,
 And all my hopes resign :
 Ah false *Althea* ! Tho' so fair,
 Yet thou dost prove unkind.
 Now that, which I so dearly lov'd, I hate ;
 And that I ever lov'd, I curse my Fate.

L I F E.

1.

What is Life, if we live
 Still dying with cares ?
 If we languish and grieve,
 Still damned to fears ?
 'Tis Hell upon Earth, and a Grave, that is made
 Before we are dead, and our Fate doth invade.

2. Why

2.

Why are blessings show'd down,

If not to be enjoy'd?

Why doth Nectar abound,

If use is deny'd?

Sure the Gods for Man's mirth consult and his joy,
When Vineyards their Crowns of fair Grapes do
display.

3.

Then no more let's repine;

Let sorrow away;

But let's squeeze out the Wine,

Then taste and enjoy:

Left the Gods thro' neglect should their favours
detain,

For Blessings unus'd become needless and vain.

4.

Ah! Then fill up the Bowl,

(Like Poets) we'll bibble:

And whilst round it doth roul,

With Misses we'll quibble:

For he that revolts from his Glass or his Lass,

Is justly esteem'd a nonsensical Ass.

The

The fair Enchantress.

1.

WHat pow'rful charms *Calisto's* Eyes
Do prove to mortal Swains!
They make our Passion strait arise,
And soon enflame our veins.

2.

Her charming smiles do pierce our hearts,
And strait our Souls enthrall,
Her Ruby Lips do wound like Darts,
To which we Victims fall.

3.

We gaze, we gaze; still more admire,
And all we know, 's to yield:
She burns our Breasts with secret fire,
And conq'ring quits the field.

4.

My Dear *Calisto*! Consolate
Your Lover's bleeding heart,
And (which you've caus'd) soon cure my fate,
Or else my Life's but short.

A

A Catch.

1.

LET Statesmen their honour advance,
Let the Prodigals pride,
And still deck up each side,
With Pamphlets *All-a-mode de France.*

2.

Let Puritans vertue improve;
Let the Misers ne're rest
Till with blessings oppress'd,
Still dreading t' enjoy what they love.

3.

(Alas!) Let such cares all adieu,
Let damn'd troubles farewell,
That are wont to rebel
'Gainst us, when we pleasures pursue.

4.

Come, Come (Boys!) we'll drown 'em in Wine,
We'll drink till w' are free,
Then away we will flee,
And our hearts to our Misses resign.

Musick's

*Musick's Empyreum, occasioned by the sight
of a young Lady playing on the Flute near
St. James's Park.*

AS lovely *Delia* charming fate
Near *Taw* golden streams,
And warbling out her *Syren's* art,
Display'd her beauteous beams:

The glorious Angels Thrones above
Forsook, her tunes to hear,
And Heav'n's bright Choirs did Rivals prove,
Which should her Triumphs bear.

Her charms the Crystal Rivers won,
To stop their course and stay;
Whilst Nymphs about 'em joyful run,
And th' feather'd Crew did play.

Brisk Echo from the trembling Grove
Did break her shrillest Voice,
And still in vain to answer strove,
Whilst ev'ry Tree rejoyc'd.

The nimble Harts did skip for joy,
 When strait they heard her charms;
 And ev'ry spark did wish and pray
 To clasp her Snowy Arms.

6.

But tho' in vain fond wishes were,
 Yet they had pow'r to please;
 So Lovers sometimes banish care,
 When nothing else can ease.

The Prisoner's Complaint.

IF Heaven's choir can pity take,
 If God's poor Swains don't still forsake,
 Send me relief;
 Whose heart is full of tort'ring pains,
 Whose restless Soul (alas !) contains
 A Tyde of grief.

I'm now invol'd in dismal Cell,
 Much like the deep Abyfs of Hell :
 Alas ! My woe !
 I once did happy times enjoy,
 And tasted pleasures ev'ry day,
 Tho' now 'tis so.

Hence

Hence far more wretched I become,
And think it now a greater doom

To be confin'd:
Where Iron Bands my Members press,
And tire my Limbs, nor do they less
Disturb my mind.

No sweet Parenthesis of ease
Doth my continu'd pangs appease;

I'm still in Death:
The Stone of *Sisyphus* I roul,
And *Tityan* Vultures tear my Soul.
Oh Hell on Earth!

My Summer Friends are from me gone,
I'm now in Winter left alone;

What Friends had I?
O Gods! soon ease my sorrow's weight
With your kind hands, or else I'll strait
Despair and dy.

The Effeminate Courtship.

Long, Long *Amaryllis* had woo'd,
And for her *Menalcas* had su'd,
When still he repuls'd her the more,
And the colder he grew.

But th' earnestest she did implore,
And still urg'd him anew.

*Still cruel? still cruel? Oh! Why
Wilt leave me to languish and dy?*

i. Thou

2.

Thou triumph'st enthron'd in my heart,
Which *Cupid* has pierc'd with his Dart:

I'll love thee, I'll clip thee, I'll hug

Thee about with my Arms;

I'll sport thee, I'll kiss thee and smug,

And I'll lull thee with charms.

Still, &c.

3.

My heart I will freely resign,

And still to thy will I'll incline:

As true, as true Blue I will prove;

No Ram's Horns shalt thou wear,

Nor e're in the Frigate shalt move,

Which peckt Cuckolds doth bear.

Still, &c.

4.

Don't I smile, and flick up my brow,

And call you to Dinner from Plow?

And every moment you stay,

When I've call'd, seems a year:

And do not I thee still obey,

And endeavour t' endear?

Still, &c.

G

5. In

5.

In Marriage let's firmly then join,
 And all, that is mine, shall be thine,
 The Cart and the Plow thou may'st drive,
 And get money apace;
 I'll Knit, Spin, and Card, and I'll strive
 To procure thee a Race.
Still, &c.

6.

Each year I will bring thee a Calf,
 As big as a Bull and a half;
 And when we have rear'd these, brave Boys,
 Then they Carters shall be;
 I'll bring too a bonny brave *Jaice*,
 To crush Cheeses with me.
Still cruel? still cruel? Oh! Why
Wilt leave me to languish and dy?

The Invitation.

1.

Approach, my pretty Dear,
 And sit upon my Knee;
 What Omen dost thou hear,
 That makes thee fly from me.

2. Why

2.

Why fear'st thy Maiden-head
To give to one so true?
Thou shalt have mine instead,
And I'll exchange with you.

3.

To what intent had you
Your Sex from Heav'n above?
'Lest you its use do shew
By th' ecstasies of love.

4.

What pleasures hence do spring,
We both shall swim in joy,
Nor envy Prince, nor King;
Then why dost seem so coy?

5.

What dost thou yet ev'n frown?
A pox upon such toys;
Come, Come (My Dear!) ly down,
And we'll promote our joys.

The Sympathy.

1.

O Fair *Clorina*! Whom doth fate
Thus menace in your brow?
Can I thy joys anew create,
And make thee happy grow?

G 2

2. Ye

2.

Ye Heav'ns! To me reveal the cause,
 That makes my Fair One grieve:
 'Tis Death to me amaz'd to pause,
 And not her pains relieve.

3.

My Soul's Soul, and my Joy! declare,
 From whence these storms arise:
 Let me absterge each pearly tear,
 That sparkles in thine Eyes.

4.

Clear up thy Front, and change this Scene,
 Let joys expel sad care;
 Dost think thy frets by me are seen,
 And I not bear a share?

A drinking Song.

1.

Let's drink up our Wine,
 Our Wits 't will refine;
 It banishes care, it procreates joy;
 'Twill make us both wise, both frolick and gay.

2.

Great Souls it doth raise
 To a rapture of joys;
 It quickens the thoughts; The fancy inspires,
 And flames up a Poet with vap'ring Fires.

3. *Apollo*

3.

Apollo can prove,
That Nectar doth move
The mental conceit, with fancycal flight,
He high't. aspires, when h' as tipl'd all night.

4.

Then fill up the Glafs,
By none let it pass,
And here is a Health to our gracious King,
For whom we will drain out old *Bacchus's* Spring.

The Beggar's Felicity.

1.

LO! Lo! How the Beggars now play;
They Sun their fat Herds,
They stroke their long Beards,
And mantle themselves in *Sol's* ray.

2.

They wander through every coast,
And never do stray,
Nor miss of their way;
But of their brown Lasses they boast.

3.

With hunger when they are oppress'd,
Their Packs they unloose,
And Scraps do educe,
Whilst on the soft Grass they do feast.

G 3

4. Grim

4.
Grim Envy at them ne're doth strike ;
Securely they sleep,
And safe o' th' ground creep :
Like Snow that doth rest in the Dike.

5.
No cares do perplex their free brain ;
But when they can get
A penny, they're great,
And merrily spend it again.

6.
Their Pets they embrace and enjoy ;
They carry the Pack,
With Bastard at back,
And none are so happy as they.

7.
All day they do rant and they sing ;
When Night doth o're spread,
They seek not a Bed,
But ligg near some murmur'ing Spring.

8.
Where the Heav'ns their Canopy prove ;
The Stars do enlight
Their Chambers at night,
Whilst they sport in the raptures of love.

9. Thus

9.

Thus Beggars have joy without end;
Thus Vagrants a Life
Enjoy without strife,
And Monarchs in bliss do transcend.

The Dissolution.

1.

What fatal influence rules the day?
What cruel Planet bears the sway?
That makes *Clarissa* seem so coy.

2.

Her sparkling Eyes (like Lightning) dart
Their fiery flashes at my heart,
Which can ne're melt, nor feel the smart,

3.

Her Front with Clouds doth ly obscur'd,
Yet thence no drops can be allur'd,
To quench my Flames by her inur'd.

4.

Should I on her fow'r Face presume
To cast a glance, she strait would fume,
As though thereby t' increase my doom.

5.

But fy (*Clarissa*!) why dost frown,
On whom thou canst no more cast down;
Because I am no more thine own.

6.

For none but Fools, whose weaker brain
Dis temper'd doats, would love retain
For those, who will not love again.

The Voyage.

1.

YE sacred Pow'rs! that rule the Main,
Ye Nymphs! that sport i' th' Deep,
Green *Neptune's* Tridens, and his Train,
Whose Laws the Waters keep;
To you I trust my self; With prosp'rous Gales
Therefore may you promote my pregnant Sails,

2.

O' th' fordid Land let others rust,
In purer Spheres I'll live;
Nor shall the storms deject my trust,
Nor curled Waves me grieve.
For still the Gods do innocence protect;
On threat'ning Fate I'll dauntless then despect.

3. Tho'

3.

Tho' greedy Death doth seem to ride
 O' th' back of ev'ry wave;
 And when it does again subside,
 It shews to me a Grave;
 I'll not through fear my Votives swear to pay,
 But I'll triumph, and swell as well as they.

4.

The barking *Scylla* I'll not fear,
 Nor deep *Charybdis* dread:
 Thro' Rocks, thro' Storms, thro' Sands I'll steer
 Safe to my Haven's Bed.
 And when the Winds do sigh and toss the Main,
 I'll mock them with my feigned sighs again.

5.

The *Indians* Gold I'll see, but spurn;
 The *Trojan* foil I'll view;
 To *Venice* I'll my Streamers turn,
 And then to *Rome* I'll go.
 The mirrors of all Coasts I will pursue,
 And search the wonders of the Ocean too.

6.

O then what pleasure will it be,
 When I'm arriv'd my shore,
 To recollect the casualty,
 That I've endur'd before.
 The grateful memory of dangers past
 Doth console, ev'n till we breathe our last.

The

The Hunt.

H Ark yonder, how the Woods do ring!
Diana's sport doth now begin.
 Brisk *Echo* doth reverberate,
 What sweet-tongu'd *Chanter* doth relate.
 It puts to blush the Morning ray,
 To see the Nymphs so post away.
 The great *Apollo* strings his Bow,
 And at the prey his Darts doth throw:
 Out comes the Stag, which when they see,
 Away the little Lurkers flee.
 Fly, nimble *Swift* do run in view,
 And just i' th' Breech the prey pursue:
 Thro' Hills, thro' Dales, thro' Groves they fleet,
 And thred the Thicks with winged Feet.
 When Jovy *Rock-wood* his Voice shows,
 And with full scent holds up his Nose:
 Bold *Rav'ner*, and stout *Thunder* too,
 Do Musick to their Ears renew.
 But (lo!) they're all now at a Mute,
 When true-nos'd *Whisker* find's pursuit;
 And ope's his Jaws, then with full cry
 Away they whisk (like Wind) and fly.
 The tim'rous Stag they view again,
 And without loss the scent retain.
 They run (like Lightning) and so smart,
 That they'll soon break his panting Heart.
 Down drops the Prey, the Dogs do seize,
 Till them the Huntsman doth appease.

He

He winds retreats, and with his Spear
Well-poys'd, doth pierce th' expiring Deer.

Gynephilia.

1.

LET those (that will) fair Women hate,
And quite abhor;
Cause they suppose, they fascinate
Those that adore.
I'll thank my Stars, I may
So great a bliss enjoy.

2.

So fair a piece as Woman is
The World can't shew;
She's the *Elysium* of true bliss,
Our Idol too.
Her Front, her Cheeks, her Eyes,
May well the Gods surprize.

3.

With charms she chafes care away
From poor Man's Breast:
She fills his Soul with rapt'ring joy,
And makes him blest:
Her smiles, her frisks, and glance,
His Soul to Heav'n advance.

4. To

4.

To Gods themselves we come most near,
 When true love reigns ;
 Hence we to th' stars (like Comets) Sphere
 With fiery trains,
 Thus Heav'nly joys abound,
 When love's pure Sphere turns round.

To the Fair One.

1.

HOW *Cupid* in *Clarinda's* Eyes
 Doth skip, doth sport and play!
 From whence his flaming Arrow flies,
 And makes us all obey.

2.

We (like the *Persians*) do adore
 Those glorious Orbs of thine ;
 And when we may not see them more,
 In Sables we repine.

3.

The *Venus*-Star is not so bright,
 When Night's dark Scene doth draw ;
 As thy fair Eyes, which can by right
 To Monarchs give a Law.

4. (My

4.
(My Dear *Clarinda*!) don't be coy,
Nor dart on me a frown;
Left you your Lover quite dismay,
And cast your Suiter down!

The Combate.

1.
AS *Strephon* and fair *Flora* lay,
Enwrap't with clasped Arms,
And silent cropt the rapt'ring joy,
That flows from Beauty's charms:

2.
The much-belov'd *Amyntas* came
To pay his Sacrifice,
And strait spy'd out their secret Game,
With's envious sparkling Eyes.

3.
He then incens'd could not endure
A Rival of his Love;
But did his Foe forthwith assure,
His right to her he'd prove.

4.
They then an equal Duel fought
For her their only prize,
Until her trembling Spirits taught
Their Hearts to sympathize.

5. She

5.
 She sigh'd, and strait did prostrate fall,
 To beg a mutual Peace :
 Oh Heav'ns! Oh Heav'ns! To you I call
 Their Passion to appease.

6.
 Each furious blow to me brings Death ;
 Hold, Hold, these thoughts resign ;
 Will ye drive out my wav'ring Breath ?
 Was ever Fate like mine?

The Lover's Complaint.

1.
WHY dost thou, cruel God of Love,
 So wound my flagrant heart?
 Thy tort'ring Brand I can't remove
 By all the helps of Art.

2.
 I burn, I freeze, I take no ease,
 But toss like Waves o' th' main :
 I hate, I love ; My pains encrease ;
 I strive (alas !) in vain.

3.
 My Fair One's scorn, nor cold repulse
 Extinguish not my fire ;
 The more she frowns, and seems averse,
 The more I her admire.

4. What

4.

What then may I now *ruminate*;
 All hopes of her do fly:
 Despair must prove my horrid fate,
 I'll languish, faint and dy.

The Lover's Wish.

1.

LET Monarchs triumph in their Pride,
 And *Cesars* at Court still reside;
 Jove grant me the Phoenix I love,
 Then th' happiest of Swains I shall prove.

2.

The Poms of the World I reject,
 Which cannot from troubles protect.
 Jove, &c.

3.

Love's raptures the sweetest of toys,
 Which locks up our senses in joys.
 Jove, &c.

4.

Love's charms still great Souls should inspire,
 And warm their brave Blood with hot fire.
 Jove, &c.

5. The

5.

The *Elysium* of bliss we enjoy,
When love in our hearts bears the sway.

Jove grant me the Phoenix I love,
Then the happiest of Swains I shall prove.

Ἀρηιφίλῳ.

1.

TO Mars I will my Life devote;
Come (*Vulcan!*) come, make me a Coat
Of Mail; Command each Slave,
That works in *Ætna's* Cave,
My Thunderbolts to carve.

2.

(*Achilles-like*) in Armour bright
I'll march and lead the Fight;
My Sword shall clear the way,
And to Thee Victims pay
By ev'ry Man I slay.

3.

On threat'ning Death I'll boldly gaze;
No terrors shall my Soul amaze:
My Courser I will ride,
And (like a Bride-groom) Pride,
To marry Death my Bride.

4. Let

4.
Let Trumpets found, let Drums alarm ;
Let Cannons roar, let Bullets storm :
It's Musick in my ear,
Grim Death I scorn to fear,
I'll break through dangers near.

Gynemisia.

1.
UNhappy Man ! Why dost thou dote
Thus on faithless Woman ?
This is to trust thy tott'ring Boat
To Waves, that toss o' th' Main.

2.
Though in their mouths (like murm'ring Bees)
They do sweet Honey bring ;
Yet in their Tayls there lurking lies
A sharp, and deadly sting.

3.
Their winks, their becks, their glancing smiles,
Their fleers and seemings glad,
Are Lures, whereby they do beguile,
And Deaths in Liveries clad.

H

4. Tell

4.

Tell 'em, what Hell-exceeding pain
For them you undergo,
They're all of Marble, and in vain
Your grief you let 'em know.

5.

Nay then the more they'll seem to scorn,
And cast a killing Eye ;
That thou may'st wish, thou ne're wast born,
Or being born to dy.

6.

But grant thy Prayers should prevail,
And get a nuptial Bed ;
Ere Morn thou would'st thy case bewail,
And see thy joys were fled.

7.

Perhaps she'll prove a Wife o' th' Horn,
And seek unlawful play ;
She'll have Gallants, and thee quite scorn,
And then where is thy joy ?

8.

'Tis best to lead a single life,
Void of these gilded Ills ;
Where pleasure sits without all strife,
As in th' *Elysian* Fields.

On Cælia's glancing Eyes.

1.

AS lovely *Cælia* fraught with joys
Doth cross the spacious Plains,
Her glancing Eye her heart betrays,
And charms the rural Swains.

2.

The Lightning flash doth melt the steel,
And makes it flow with streams;
Thus, thus our hearts to melt we feel,
Being pierc'd with *Cælia's* beams.

3.

The Star shoots through the spangled parts,
Till it in gelly dies;
But killing are the sparkling Darts,
That fly from *Cælia's* Eyes.

4.

The *Basilisk* with's poys'nous Eyes
Doth close pursuers kill:
When *Cælia* looks on Man he dies,
She acts new murthers still.

5.

She hates compassion, loves to see
Man burn, and dy in charms,
Who ardently implore to be
Embraced in her arms.

H 2

6. Hence

6.

Hence may these cruel Planets set,
 Ne're to be more ador'd,
 'Lefs all their rigour they'll forget,
 And bless whene're implor'd.

On my dubious Condition.

COME all ye Feathers of my Soul,
 And Wing me to the starry Pole:
 To the *Elysum* let me soar,
 Where doubtful Fate can harm no more.
 But if the Gods do joys deny,
 In some dark Chaos let me ly,
 Where I may know my fatal pain,
 And not 'twixt Life and Death remain.
 'Tis worse than Death to hang in doubt
 'Twixt Heav'n and Hell, and ne're get out.
 (Like *Tantalus*) I strive in vain
 The flying Waters to detain.
 I'm tost from Rock to Rock, and then
 Fond hope doth rigg me up agen,
 Till hard despair doth overthrow
 All that weak hope did build so slow.
 O then, that I could know my fate,
 And Fortune's Wheel would keep one state.
 That its swift turns might cheat no more;
 I've been deceiv'd enough before.

The

The Vale.

Phillis, farewell! For 'tis time to rebel,
 When Tyrants with fury do swell.
 Long have I lain, and ador'd you in vain,
 And now would you kill me with pain?
 But cold is my heart, nor e're shall it smart,
 'Cause you'll not your Amours impart.
 Then never believe that hence I will grieve,
 But scorn for your scorn I can give.
 I'll love you no more, my folly is o're,
 Which made me so ardent before.
 No Beauty I see (my Eyes being free)
 Which once were so blinded with thee.
 Fancy did move when I courted thy love,
 For thou did'st a *Venus* ne're prove.
 But grant thou hadst been as fair as a Queen,
 Thy cruelty spoiled thy mien:
 For those that still are as cruel as fair,
 Be never accounted so rare.
 Now (*Phillis*!) go to, thy tyranny shew,
 But let me abandon you too.

The Health.

1.

SO ho! *Aurora* gay
Doth call
Us all

To welcome in the day.

2.

Bright *Sol* begins to shine;
Let's pay
Him joy
And Sacrifice with Wine.

3.

Look! Yond the Nymphs do play,
Fill up
Your Cup,
And drink their Healths away.

4.

Thus, thus let it go round,
And we
Will see,
That Nectar shall abound.

The

The Phoenix.

1.

AS when *Phæbus* doth tip the new day,
And regilds all the World with his ray;
So the Fair One appears,
When she lightens our Spheres
With the new-blossom'd beams of her brow,
Where the treasures of nature do grow.

2.

As when Violets flourish i' th' Shade,
And to no wand'ring Eyes are betray'd;
So the Fair One close lies
From the rapes of loose Eyes,
And in some am'rous Rose-Bed doth rest;
Whence such odours still breathe from her Breast.

3.

As when Heaven its Manna doth give,
And through mercy doth Mortals relieve;
So the Fair one proves kind,
And doth solace the mind
Of poor Lovers that mourn in despair,
'Cause they dare not approach one so fair.

H 4

4 As

4.

As when Heav'n is spangled with Stars,
 And bright *Venus* her Beauty declares ;
 So the fair Ones fair Eyes,
 Are like Stars in the Skies,
 And do influence all our pierc'd hearts ;
 As tho' *Cupid* thence shot forth his Darts.

*Thus Cælia, thus Cælia, is all o're divine ;
 O that Heav'n, that Heav'n would make her but mine.*

*A Song by way of Dialogue between Corydon
 and Amyntas, deploring the departure of
 their Cælia.*

1.

Cor. **M**alignant Stars ! Unhappy Fate,
 That rules the Scenes below !
 We now have lost our happy State,
 And no more blifs can flow :
 For (Earth's fair Goddess) *Cælia's* gone,
 And we poor Swains are left alone.

2.

Am. She (like an Eaglet) soar'd on high,
 Bore up with Angels Wings,
 And to th' *Elysium* then did fly,
 Where pleasure always springs.
 Thus now we've lost our Heav'n of joy,
 Which chance before could ne're annoy.

3. Chorus.

3.
 Chorus. --- *Her bright
 And lofty flight
 Ravish'd all our delight :
 No more
 Must we adore !
 But must for e're deplore !
 Good Heav'ns ! What a black doom is this ?
 To burn in constant fire,
 To rage in grief, in flames to hiss,
 And ne're attain desire ?*

4.
 Cor. Hence must my flowing Eyes distil
 Whole streams of pearly tears;
 And my sincere laments must fill
 With grief the gloomy Spheres.
 With mournful Songs I'll bathe my woes,
 And by my sighing seek repose.

5.
 Am. No, No, We'll not exhaust our tears,
 Till all our hopes do dy;
 Why should we thus augment our cares,
 Before the sum we try ?
 On fiery Wings let's send our hearts
 To steal her Soul away by arts.

6. Chorus

6.

Chorus. --- Away,
 Your plumes display,
 Mount (swift Souls!) mount your way.
 One while
 To reconcile
 Our griefs bring back a smile.
 No more then we'll lament in vain,
 Tho' Cælia's ours no more;
 But hope t^e enjoy her once again,
 And ever will implore.

The Command.

1.

A Way ye gentle sighs,
 And pierce the liquid Skies;
 Seek out the Fair One's Eyes,
 There pay your Obsequies.

2.

She's gone (alas!) she's gone,
 And must I mourn alone?
 With flaming Wings my heart
 The distant Region part.

3.

Into her Breast now Sphere,
 And stamp my Image there,
 Or make her heart to burn,
 And so again return.

4. But

4.
But in thy Centre bring
One am'rous smile to spring
My fading joys anew,
And then (Despair) adieu.

5.
So ho! The Heav'ns rejoice,
Her Guardian-Angel's Voice
I hear, *She's well, She's well,*
And still doth flame her Zeal.

6.
Upon thy Wings then bear
My Soul away to her,
And still (*Amariel*) prove
My Advocate in love.

Hope choak'd with Despair.

1.
A Curse upon that senseless hope,
That swell'd my heart in vain,
And made me aim at that fair scope,
Which I can ne'er attain.

2.
Fond Fop! Art thou the Antidote
Against despair and grief?
With vain *Idea's* thou dost nought
But cheat: Ah poor relief!

3. The

3.

The Chymist knows thy fallacy
 When's Fire's expir'd in vain :
 Thy sweet delusions flashes be,
 That sport the damn'd in pain.

4.

Thus thy fond promises alive
 My drooping heart have born,
 Till now no hopes I can derive,
 But in despair I mourn.

On Sylvia's Recovery.

1.

AS after a dark stormy Night
 Fair *Phosphore* leads the smiling Day,
 The fable Clouds b'ing put to flight,
 And bright the Morning of our Joy.

2.

So my Dear *Sylvia* springs again,
 From the fierce Onsets of dire fate :
 For what Disease could Trophies gain,
 Where one so firm so charming fate ?

3.

Thus (bold Disease !) thy toils were vain !
 For tho' eclipsed were her Eyes,
 She rose more glorious from her pain,
 And doth thy conquer'd pow'r despise.

4. Ah

4.

Ah *Sylvia*, still fair Beauty's bloom,
Still guarded round with silent charms,
Quickly (bore up with Angels) come
To bless thy longing *Damon's* Arms.

*An Elegy upon the Death of the hopeful
Mr William Rose deceas'd,
in the fourteenth year of his Age.*

I.

What makes our dull *Minerva* silent weep,
As tho' she fought by tears relief?
What makes us all in sorrow seem asleep,
(Alas !) astonish'd with grief?
The flinty Rock its trembling drops distills,
And Marble Walls do sympathize our ills.
The pious Muses mourn, and o' th' *Castalian* shore
With shrill and doleful *Nenia's* their loss deplore.

2.

Apollo plays upon his Barbiton,
And on his Lyre no more will toy :
For his beloved Darling's dead and gone,
And all the Muses only joy. (state,
'Tis thee (Dear Saint!) dost cause this mournful
Whilst Learning's Candidates lament thy fate. (dust
But oh that all our tears being mingl'd with thy
Could raise thee up, our heads into thy Urn we'd
thrust.

3. 'Tis

3.

'Tis strange to see the *Rosa Mundi* fade,
 When in its infant Bud doth smile ;
 To see black Clouds the morning beams o're spread,
 And Night our springing Day beguile.
 Ah Death! How cou'd'st our blooming hopes
 destroy,
 And blatt our choice Fruit in its early day ?
 Whilst he (so rare is hoary vertue !) promis'd fair,
 But dy'd too soon, his parts by actions to declare.

4.

But if he'd liv'd, how great, how good he'd been,
 Each action had been proof so plain,
 That ev'ry Eye would have admir'd, and deem'd
 Him worthy, and without a stain.
 But since whilst he the Earth did thus forsake,
 To Heav'n's blest Mansion he his flight did take;
 Let's stop the Current of our tears, and place our
 Verse,
 As a true Monument upon his sable Herse.

An Epitaph on the same.

ALL you, whose softer hearts can vent a tear,
 First read my Fate, then weep and drop
 one here ;
 Where faded Youth, and Vertues hopes do ly,
 Where goodness bud is forc'd to fall and dy ;

Where

Where comely Beauty turns to noisom Clay,
 Where early Zeal Death's sting could not allay.
 His Father's Joy, his Mothers sweet delight,
 The Muses Darling, and our springing light.
 Oh cruel Fates ! Impartial Destinies :
 That never had the sense to sympathize.
 But tho' his Body's dead, his Fame's alive,
 And more and more shall ev'ry day survive.

Epitaphium in egregiam Pellicem.

H*Oc jacet in tumulo Pellex memoranda futuris,
 Qua rapuit pectus, diripuitq; bona.
 Pestiferis factis sibimet monumenta reliquit ;
 Dicere namq; licet de bonitate nihil.
 Orce tibi caveas, ne Fato Fata pararet ;
 Littoribus nostris pessima pestis erat.*

*An Elegy upon the Vertuous Lady
 Rebekka Townsend.*

W*Hat means this Tragick Scene, this tyde
 of grief,
 Which Heav'n condole, yet will not send relief?
 The crackling Poles do echo forth their groans,
 And poor fond Nature her dire fate bemoans.*

The

The Sun with dismal Clouds doth veil his face,
 As tho' he'd find for Mourning a fit place :
 In Night's black fables hence the glimm'ring day
 Involv'd repines : Each Sphere in dark array
 Distills her show'rs of tears which calms her Breast,
 With a fierce Hurricane of grief possest.
 The Winds do sigh, the Storms lament our woes,
 And the whole Scene of Earth in mourning goes.
 Sure Nature's choicest Darling now lies dead,
 And Earth's sole Paradise to Heaven's fled.
 The World's rare *Phœnix* ha's now taken Wing,
 And soar'd unto the glories of th' eternal King :
 For Heav'n's great Agent did in's Eyes foresee,
 That She was worthy of maturity ;
 And that as great as Heav'n the World would grow,
 If blest (Dear Saint!) with thy bright beams below.
 Hence he to stop the Worlds just growing pride,
 Took thee to his, and this our Heav'n defy'd.
 The *Tagus* streams wherein there flow'd the joy
 Of all this Earthly Globe are past away,
 And run into the Font, from whence they came ;
 Yet nought can put a period to their Fame :
 Her merits were so great, they'l never dy ;
 But (like time) live to kiss Eternity.
 Nay, our own loss in her, our bereft State
 With tears will still her worth commemorate :
 Since when against her cruel Death did rage,
 We lost the splendent Jewel of our Age.
 Ah Death! so soon how could'st thou sweep away
 Our blooming hopes? Could pity not delay,
 Nor sighs nor tears thy fatal stroak? But must
 Our rising Day-Star so soon set in dust?

Impartial

Impartial Fates ! Faithless Mortality !
All hopes of never dying dead here ly ;
Dead too, and having left no branch behind,
Which might spring up, and parallel its kind.
When Fate shall Nuptial Joys so swift pursue,
Small are the benefits which thence accrew.
From noble Veins she did her Blood derive,
And by heroick Actions (whilst alive)
She well did answer her Original ;
Nor did these tempting toys her pow'rs enthrall ;
But (Angel-like) she did the World out-brave,
And took pure Innocence into her Grave.
For Prudence she (like *Sheba*) did appear,
Whose Fame ha's mounted our bright Hemisphere.
O' th' Wings of *Pegasus* she oft did soar
(Where now she dwells) to the Cœlestial Tow'r.
The Vocal Choirs of Muses in her Breast
More, than i' th' sacred Helicon did rest ;
From whence they vented Oracles of love,
And warbled out their charms, enchanting *Jove*.
She (like the Sun) to all display'd her rayes,
From whence she built her Pyramids of praise.
A safe *Asylum* to th' oppress'd she gave ;
Her Heart and Hand did still rejoyce to save
Poor Wretches from their doom, and to supply
The wants of all that did for mercy cry.
If then true Vertue ever dwelt on Earth,
'Twas here enshrined too with Beauty's worth.
The Universe intitl'd her the Fair,
Whose Charms no Cynick could unconquer'd bear.
But now (alas) she like the beauteous Rose
Doth fall, and fade, when furious Auster blows.

Thus when with Ruddy Wings the Morning ray
 Seems proud to usher in the new-born day;
 Then on a sudden an untimely night
 O'reclouds and darkens the new-blossom'd light:
 But were *Aurora's* smiles but half so fair
 As hers, the Clouds would have vouchsaf'd to spare.
 How hard's then Fate! that summoned away,
 Without remorse, this fairest Flow'r of *May*,
 To whom Posterity shall pay respects;
 Because the best Example of her Sex.

An

*An Elegie on the Death of the
Right Honourable John Lord
Coventry.*

LET *Europe's* Confines flow with streaming
tears,
Let deep-fetcht sighs now pierce the fable Spheres.
Weep, mourn, deplore, and let your Eyes now flow,
Till ye (like *Niobe*) do Marble grow.
The fatal influence that doth rule this day,
Doth summon grief, commands our Eyes to pay
Tears, as just Tribute: Nature doth assume
New dismal shapes, which do portend our doom:
Each object clad in Fates black Livery,
Doth (Comet-like) some dire event descry.
The Heav'n being veil'd with Clouds in mourn-
ing goes,
The gloomy day Nights dark resemblance shows.
Our Guardian-Angels flutt'ring in the air,
Start back, as tho' they would remit their care;
Each dreading Fate with murm'ring sighs condoles,
And vents fond passion which doth shake the Poles.
Th' etherial crew with doleful shrieks bemoans
Our horrid Fate, and panting *Atlas* groans.
Poor Echo's broken Voice doth iterate
(Thus grief surprizes Speech!) O Fate! O Fate!
Each Zone her pearly show'rs of tears distills,
And sympathizing doth lament our ills.

Our Mother Earth too a chief Mourner proves,
 Her pious grief since Natures instinct moves.
 But what's the cause of these Effects? What strange
 Chimæra's Heaven's Face and Earths thus change?
 Our Play's sure Tragical, our Scene is sad,
 And the Catastrophe's exceeding bad.
 The whistling Winds with a faint whisper seem
 T' infuse into my Ears a just esteem
 Of grief; they prompt, that the great *Coventry*
 Conquer'd by Fates too hasty hand doth ly.
 (Alas!) Too true; He's dead, he's dead, and gone;
 Now all our hopes dy too; so good a one
 We ne're shall more enjoy; nought can repair
 The loss wherein we all this day do share.
 What recompence would Heaven's Darlings be,
 Since none can bear so brave a Soul as He?
 No *Hero* e're can parallel his Name,
 Whose Merits seiz'd the Pinnacles of Fame.
 He (*Pharus*-like) i' th' azure Skies did tow'r;
 Yet was not in the least puffed up with pow'r.
 Profound Humility was the high sum,
 To which all his ambition e're would come.
 The splendid Palace of our Brittish Sun,
 From this bright Pillar it's sole Basis shon;
 Hence glorious rays our Coasts with light did gild,
 And quick'ning Beams great Solaces did yield.
 Under his Wings th' oppressed a refuge found,
 And ~~as~~ Charity (like Streams) did still abound.
 His only joy was to supply the wants,
 And gratify the Pray'rs of Supplicants.
 'Twas no State-Cushion, nor a golden Ass,
 Whose trappings made him for Heroick pass;

But

But was a mighty Column of our State,
 Whose sacred Vertues did themselves dilate.
 The gilded blandishments of Court (which Souls
 Clog'd with this drossy World too much controuls)
 His noble mind (as Trifles) did neglect;
 Such Pamphlets Souls so great do still reject.
 His Sails were ne're swel'd up with flattery;
 But he'd discern such Plots with a quick Eye;
 His justice would allow no undue praise;
 His Merits only shou'd his Trophies raise.
 Heav'n him too good to live on Earth did count,
 Hence he (like Bird of Paradise) did mount,
 Mæand'ring to the Mansion up on high,
 Which Heav'n provided for's integrity.
 Just Heav'n! For the blest Throne, he sits in now,
 Before he seiz'd, he did acquire below.
 So falls this *Pharaoh's* Tow'r, our Ages cost,
 I' th' dust so this *Ephesian* Temple's tost!
 Whose great renowned Fame shall never dy,
 But prove the Mirror of Eternity.
 But oh our Fate! Why did'st (Dear Saint) so soon
 Turn from our Eyes thy Morning Beams to Noon?
 We now (like *Hermites*) live all desolate,
 Depriv'd of thee, we've lost our happy State.
 (Like *Adam* when expell'd from Paradise)
 We rove in Desarts, and can find no bliss.
 We (like *Heracitus*) do nought but mourn,
 And water with our tears thy silent Urn:
 But oh that hence we (*Phœnix*-like) could bring
 Out of thy ashes a new Soul to spring,
 Whose Numen might triumph o're conquer'd Fate,
 And all our fading Joys resuscitate.

But (ah!) how vain's our wish? Death's fatal stroke
 (When once is giv'n) we never can revoke.
 O cruel Fate! Could'st thou not pitch thy Toyl
 For other preys? Must thy black doom assail
 This starry Sphere? Do not ten thousand ly,
 Who fondly court their Fate, yet cannot dy?
 Than him we might a Myriad better spare,
 Whose breath and name (like bubbles in the air)
 Might vanish, and the World yet feel no wo:
 He was our *Phosphore*, and *Palladium* too.
 His worth whole Millions did preponderate;
 Hence he so soon was struck by envious Fate.
 So that if any one would sphere on high,
 Transcending all, he must resolve to dy;
 For (Herriot-like) Fate loves to seize the best;
 She takes them first, to mend she leaves the rest.
 Now in what Eulogies my Muse doth faint,
 And can't express thy worth, pardon (Dear Saint!)
 Pardon I beg; In matters so sublime
 To be deficient may not seem a crime;
 But where my Pen enough can't celebrate,
 Let Fame's shrill Trump the rest ebuccinate.

An

*An Elegie on the Death of his Grace
the Duke of Ormond deceas'd,
July the 20th 1688.*

WHen Heav'n's bright Orb withdraws his
ruddy Face,
And Nights black Scene invades the World apace,
How do the *Persians* veil their streaming Eyes,
And still employ their flying God with cries,
So when our radiant Earthly *Stars* do fall,
Their horrid Fate lamented is by all,
Whose stony hearts are not enmarbl'd round,
And where a place for pity may be found.
Thus all now mourn, cause the great *Ormond's* dead,
Ormond, with whom now all our joys are fled.
Ah Tragic Scene! Tears sparkle in our Eyes,
And with sad groans we all do sympathize.
The *Marble* melts through grief; The *Rocks*
rebound,
And from all Coasts most doleful shrieks resound.
The Court (which sparkling Jewels did adorn)
In *Sables* is now drest, in blacks doth mourn;
Whilst all the Great Ones Eyes do silent weep,
Which manifests their sorrow's the more deep:
Nor is it e're to be compris'd in Verse,
How many Mourners did pursue his Herse.
But should we all our Tribute-tears now pay
Equal to's worth, and our own loss this day,

The *Strand* would (like the *Thames*) with Water
flow,

And ev'ry street would a deep River grow.

White-Hall would feed the streams with new
supplies,

And to make Waves would vent out deep-fetcht
sighs.

Since he from noble Veins deriv'd his Blood,

He by great acts his Pedigree made good.

(If Loyalty on Earth hath now esteem)

It's Magazine was situate in him.

No greater loss could on our State befall,

He was the great *Palladium* of all.

His sacred Vertue did transcend each Sphere,

He dwelt in Heaven when he sojourn'd here.

No Pride, no Pomp, nor praise puffed up his Soul;

'Twas Zeal that wing'd him to the Starry Pole.

Humility her Darling might him call;

So ready he would condescend to all.

If Honour then and Vertue e're in One

Conjoin'd, he was that Heav'nly One alone.

Divine

Divine Poems
AND
HYMNS.

Divine Poems



HYMNS.

Divine Poems AND HYMNS.

A Penitential Hymn.

I.

A Wake, Awake, my drowfy Soul!
How long wilt sleep secure?
Shall nothing, nothing thee controul?

Dost rest? Oh! this is pure,
When Hell for thee doth gape her thirsty jaws,
And Satan threatens with his angry Paws.

2.

Break forth my Breast in sudden cries,
Prevent th' approaching woes!
Rouze (alas!) rouze my slumb'ring Eyes!
Will ye for ever close?

Ah! Gush forth tears, deplore those fruitless ways,
Wherein I foolish spent my former days.

3. The

3.

The dying Tree doth now revive;
 And I, forsaking Death,
 Do now begin to seem alive,
 And draw my wav'ring breath.
 I'll triumph now, and drown my crimes in tears;
 I'll trust in God, and cast off Hellish fears.

4.

Begon (O works of darkness!) fly,
 No more I'll call you mine;
 I now shake off sin's Lethargy,
 And am (O Lord!) all thine.
 O guide me therefore in these steps to thee,
 And grant, that I thy Servant still may be.

A Spiritual Hymn.

1.

O Greatest God ! O Highest Pow'r !
 Mercy afford
 (O mighty Lord !)
 Who dwell'st in the Cœlestial Tow'r.

2.

The Heav'n, The Earth doth thee obey ;
 Thou calm'st the Waves ;
 Thou free'st sin's Slaves ;
 O're all things thou dost bear the sway.

3.

O cleanse me from Sin's Leprosie !
 O purge my heart,
 And ev'ry part !
 Let me no more sin's Vassal be.

4.

O wash, O wash away each spot !
 Let not one stain
 In me remain ;
 And all my former Crimes out blot.

5. My

5.

My Soul (O Lord !) create anew,
And pure like thee,
O let it be!
That I thy wond'rous works may shew.

6.

In thee (my God !) I'll put my trust,
I'll serve thee still,
And fear none ill,
Let envious Satan do his worst.

7.

My God ! My God ! I'll spread thy Fame,
I'll sing always
Hallelujahs,
And will for ever praise thy Name.

Peni-

Penitence.

PUT on (O Muse!) a penitential hue,
And with *Castalian* drops thy Face bedew;
That with a weeping show'r of mournful Verse,
I may the praise of penitence rehearse.
Welcome, O pleasing Legacy of tears!
Welcome, deep sighs, which pierce the Heav'nly
Spheres.

A contrite heart is Heav'n's best Sacrifice,
Acceptable'st in great Jehovah's Eyes.
The Cordial of Repentance doth revive
Our Souls being dead in sin, tho' seem alive.
The groans of Converts open Heaven's Gate,
And do provide for them a happy State.
Thus pious *David* (tho' had gone astray)
Did Heaven's wrath by's penitence allay:
And as his sins were great when he rebell'd
'Gainst God, so he in penitence excell'd.
'Tis this, that doth our droffy Souls refine,
And makes us in pure innocence to shine.
No Man's own Merits can him ever save,
'Lefs he for Christ with penitence doth crave.
Thou must with trembling, and with careful
fear

(O Man!) thy own Salvation work out here.
Since none (alas!) can prove so innocent,
Who may not for's repeated Crimes repent.

Whilst

Whilst still we swell the number of our sins,
 And ev'ry day a new addition brings.
 The best of men in frequent errors fall,
 And can't preserve themselves scot-free from all
 The tempting lures of sin; But forc'd to yield,
 Do beat it off again with Christian Shield.
 But grant we could persist without a fault,
 And ne're from sacred Righteousness revolt;
 We all did in Sin's Leprosie begin
 Our Lives, and from our Parents drew the Sin,
 Which we must wash, and purge away with tears
 Of Penitence, which guilty Souls still clears,
 Or else we can't unspotted Garments keep,
 Nor please our Lord, the Shepherd of his Sheep:
 Turn then, O turn to God, repent your Crimes,
 That Christ may own you in the latter times.

A

A Hymn of Confession.

1.

Good God ! In what an everlasting gire
My black and loathsome sins go round ;
They pass the num'rous Sands o' th' shore,
Nor are the Stars of Heaven more.
Yet still encrease, they more abound,
And ev'ry day doth raise the number higher.

2.

Oh ! Rouze my sleepy Soul ! A stronger guard
Thy watchful Enemies require.
Still stand prepared with thy arms
T' oppose the Devil, and his Charms :
And when thy subtle Foe creeps nigher,
Strait with the Shield of Faith his force retard.

3.

How long wilt thou th' *Aegyptian* darkness love ?
How long intend'st to live secure ?
How long the light of *Goshan* spurn ?
Wilt from thy obscure ways ne're turn ?
How can'st such Labyrinths endure,
Where light ly's hid, and thou i'th' dark dost rove ?

K

4. With

4.

With speed prevent this steep descent of Hell;
This Precipice tread on no more;
Climb up again, repent thy fall,
And for God's boundless mercy call;
Then He'll forgive thy sins before,
And Satan's future onsets will repel.

Ano-

Another.

Too long (O Lord!) for Earthly Vanities
 I've been a Candidate ;
 'Twas worse than Hell, or fate
 To live reserv'd for Heav'n, and leave my toys ;
 With magick charms they tic'd me on,
 Obscuring their delusion.
 Those Circe's-Cups, Those Syren-Songs of sin
 Allur'd my Soul away,
 Pleasing when they'd destroy ; (begin
 But now (kind Heav'n!) their betray'd Snares
 To shew a treach'rous Scene of woes,
 The precipice of my repose.

3.

Good God! What trifles did my Soul pursue!
 On what weak grounds I stood!
 Bubbles, or worse I woo'd ;
 Fate, Death, and Hell, these pleasures would ensue ;
 Dead in sin, charm'd with toys, no care
 For an Immortal Life I'd spare.

4.

(O mighty Lord !) in what prepos't'rous ways
 Was my blind Soul then lead !
 Bow down, Bow down my head ! (praise
 Bend, Bend my Knees ! Implore my hands ! Thy
 My Tongue sing forth, and mercy crave,
 Mercy, which doth poor peccants save.

5.

I now (O Lord !) divorce those blandishments,
 That thus to sin entice ;
 Away, begone, black Vice !
 My purged Breast no more shall prove your Tents,
 To thee (great God !) my Heart doth soar,
 Guide then, that it relapse no more.

My

My PRAYER.

MY God! My God! who dwel'st in Heav'n
above,
And yet vouchsaf'st to us poor Worms thy love,
Accept, Accept a truly contrite heart,
And to my early Pray'rs thy Ears impart:
Prevent (O Lord!) prevent my sinful ways,
And turn my heart from all these Earthly toys;
Direct, direct my sliding steps to thee,
And still preserve me from sin's Lethargie.
O purge my Soul, and the Old Man divorce!
Guard me with Angels, and damp Satan's force.
Let me (O Lord!) no more sin's Vassal be;
But keep me from Satan's temptations free.
To Faith and Righteousness my heart incline;
And let thy dictates still my will confine:
So that, when I have led a godly Life,
And well have finished my Warlike strife,
And thou (O Lord!) art pleas'd to call away
My Soul to thee, to tast of Heav'nly Joy,
I may it cheerfully to thee restore,
And joyfully to thy Tribunal soar,
Where I through Christ may absolution have,
And through thy mercy Crowns of glory crave;
There with thy Choirs of Angels sing always
Praises to thee; until the latter days,
When Heav'n and Earth shall in confusion ly,
And Christ shall come in his bright Majesty;
And

And in *Jehoshaphat* Affizes keep; (sleep,
 When the last Trump shall rowze all those that
 And Summon in all Nations to appear,
 In Judgment their last Sentence now to hear;
 Where all to give a strict account must come,
 Some to receive their Bliss, and some their doom.
 Then, then let me (O God!) on thy right hand
 Amongst th' Elected Saints in glory stand;
 And when each Judgment's giv'n, take me with
 thee,
 Enjoying thy bright presence still to be.

Vale

Vale Musis.

1.

Farewel, ye fair Inspirers of Man's Soul!
Farewel, O sacred Muse,
Adieu, Adieu.
Tho' I could rather choose
To dwell with you,
Did Heav'n by *Contra's* not my will controul.

2.

To Law I'm call'd; Then must I not obey
What Heav'n for me ordains?
Let Fancy fret
Confin'd in golden Chains;
No more I'll treat
My fruitless Muse, at best a pleasing toy.

F I N I S.

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Attention, ye fair Infants of Man's Soul!
Hear ye O sacred Males

Adieu, Adieu.

That I could rather choose

To dwell with you,

Did Heaven by Chance not my will command.

To Law I'm bound; Then must I not obey

What Heaven for me ordains?

And fancy here

Could I 66 AP 66

My heart I'll treat

My littlest Maid, at half a pleasing toy.

